The Nation. November 29, 1980 $1

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EDITORIAL

FAMILIAR BEDFELLOWS

It was coincidental, naturally, but there was David Rockefeller, at a yacht club in Buenos Aires six days after Ronald Reagan's election, telling 100 or so of Argentina's grandees they could now stop worrying about "human rights." The chairman of the Chase megabank soothed the oligarchs with the word that Reagan would "deal with the world as it is" and "base his foreign policy on U.S. national interest."

It was a scene Nast or Grosz would have liked to caricature—the striped-pants, top-hatted money man with a gold chain across his belly dangling $$$ before the dictator's drooling minions. "No Questions Asked," or "Your Credit Is Good With Us" might be the caption. Rockefeller traveled to B.A. via financially swinging Panama and the military dictatorships of Chile and Paraguay, and was heading for another jackbooted regime in Brazil, where the Chase board of directors would meet in the heady atmosphere of repression cum "free enterprise."

Reagan's attitude toward humanity in Latin America was expressed by his advocacy of blockading Cuba in reaction to Soviet intervention in Afghanistan. He has said he is for a "consistent policy" on human rights. Translation: since we can't impose democracy on the U.S.S.R., we shouldn't try to influence countries where we do have some clout. In other words, forget human rights. Business as usual, Rockefeller-style.

Such a policy will push struggling Nicaragua (where 45,000 died fighting our friend Somoza) into the arms of the U.S.S.R., stiffen Castroism in Central America and act against the United States' real "national interest" all over the Southern Hemisphere. But it looks good to banker Rockefeller and that man almost in the White House. On Wall Street it is known as enlightened self-interest.

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INFLATION—CAUSE AND CURE

NEEDED: WAGE-PRICE CONTROLS

GAR ALPEROVITZ & JEFF FAUX

Jimmy Carter lost the Presidency above all because he failed to control inflation. Polls conducted as voters left the voting booths showed that high prices were the most important issue on the minds of those who voted against him. For most of 1980, the Consumer Price Index (C.P.I.) was rising at more than double the rate for 1976—when Carter had called Gerald Ford's economic policy "a disgrace." Moreover, Carter's failure to control inflation led to disastrously restrictive monetary and fiscal policies and the engineering of a recession in the middle of the election year—one of the most politically inept economic policy performances in memory.

It was not that Carter and his "liberal" economic advisers from assorted centers of conventional wisdom did not have other options. For example, they deliberately opposed Congressional efforts to renew standby wage-price control authority, which Richard Nixon had used to his advantage in preparing for his own re-election and which, according to the polls, is still favored by a majority of Americans. And for the first two years of Carter's Administration, a coalition of labor and consumer groups made a concerted effort to convince Carter and his advisers that an anti-inflation program which focused on the fastest rising sectors of the economy—energy, food, housing and health care—would not only be understood and supported by Americans who do their own shopping, it would also control inflation by dealing with the sources of the inflation spiral.

A few symbolic gestures were all that came of two years of meetings with Charles Schultze,

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EXCHANGE.

RUSSIAN ANTI-SEMITISM

San Francisco, Calif.

It is not unusual in this cold-war period to find the strangest of bedfellows, but one is indeed dismayed to find Ms. Peggy Dennis, new to the anti-Soviet brigade, comfortably couched in *The Nation* [See Peggy Dennis, "Am I a Jew?" July 12]. Careful reading of her diatribe reveals it to be more anti-Communist than an authentic examination of anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union.

I have been in the Soviet Union on a number of occasions, met and made friends with Jews and non-Jews; I have discussed anti-Semitism at length and would like to report a few personal experiences and cite some verifiable facts.

In 1959 I visited the U.S.S.R. for the first time, as a guest and correspondent at the First International Film Festival in Moscow. The awards to winnners were given at Lenin Stadium. Sixty thousand people were there, and when it was over my wife and I lost the friends we had come with. Neither of us spoke Russian. My wife tried French and I a few words in what I hoped would be understood as Yiddish, such as *Ich vilt geyen tsu Moscva Hotel. Kenst du helfen?* Shrugs, blank stares—then, at last, success—in English. "We'll be passing the Moscow Hotel. Be glad to drop you off." Our savior turned out to be the Israeli Ambassador to the U.S.S.R.

There were five in his party and five seats in his car. In the most casual way my wife sat on the lap of one man, and one of the women on mine. It didn't take long for the important topics to surface. They wanted to know about McCarthyism in the United States and we of anti-Semitism in the U.S.S.R.

The Ambassador spoke for his group, and in answer to my first question, "Is it true that Jews were not permitted to leave the U.S.S.R. and go to Israel?" he replied, "The Soviet Union will let the old people go, but we can't take them. Not many," he added hastily, "because we have enough problems with those who can no longer work. What we want are the young, the scientifically trained: doctors, professionals, engineers. But those they won't permit to go—without penalties." When we asked what that meant, he explained, "It's perfectly reasonable. They say the workers in the mines, fields and factories pay for the education in universities of these people, who pay nothing, in the expectation that their education will improve the life of the workers through their learning. They did not provide free education for them to leave and get rich in a capitalist country." He shrugged. "Who can argue with that? And most of these young people are atheists; what have we got yet in Israel to offer them? The Talmud, yarmulkas, the Wailing Wall? They're going to trade that for research institutions, ballet, theater? So what we don't want or need, the old people, we can have. What we do want and need, we can't." That was in 1959.

I returned to the Soviet Union in 1962, 1975 and 1977. During those visits I made many friends in the Writers Union, the theater and the film world. I met Jews everywhere, seemingly out of proportion to their percentage of the population, in all the arts, but I never heard a word of anti-Semitism until 1977.

'Joe Levy, Communist'

Again I was there as film critic and correspondent, this time to the Ninth International Film Festival. An actor friend in the United States asked me to look up an uncle of his in Moscow, who returned there from the United States in 1930. Joe Levy was his name. He had come to this country in 1916 to escape the Czar's army, became a master electrician and a founding member of the Communist Party, U.S.A. Jobless in 1930, and hearing of the need for skilled labor in the Soviet Union, he and his wife returned. Now, almost fifty years later, when he had reached the age of 84, I would meet him.

Joe Levy's English was still heavily New York-accented. After a few words he led me to the metro in Red Square, showed me his part in its construction: the electric chandeliers. "Hundreds of 'em, all over Moscow. I wuz one o' da guys dat put 'em up." And when I got around to anti-Semitism he shook his head, then corrected himself. "Ony onc't. Just a coupla years ago. On a Sunday, my wife'n me is out for a walk, we pass a choich, say hello to lots of friends comin' out, but one little woman—you could see right away from her close she's straight from da country, gets one look at my puss, my nose, spits in disgust and says '*Jude!*' Know what I do? I comes up to her, she's maybe a foot bigger'n me, an' says, 'Missus fum the country, you're talkin' to Joe Levy, Communist, master electrician. We don't take that kinda talk around here.' Now the other people comin' from the choich nod dere heads, and the woman half runs away. Den two days later, I'm out, she is comin' my way. Suddenly she kinda bends her knees a little, ya know? and smiles and says, 'Good mornin' comrade, good mornin.' " And he went on thoughtfully, "Yeah, some Jews want to leave. Like I got a nephew, a doctor. He hears from Israel and the Voice of America that there's anti-Semitism here, an' not only that but he's a doctor, and they say doctors make millions in the United States. So he wants to go; here he don't make more than a guy woikin' in the coal mines—or as an electrician."

There are anti-Semitic remnants, hangovers, in the U.S.S.R. During World War II more than two million Jews from Poland and Middle Europe were given sanctuary, at times preference, over their own people by the Soviets in being transported to safety. When after the war the U.S.S.R. was among the first to help create Israel as a homeland for Jews, Zionists smuggled Jews out of the U.S.S.R. to help them build the new homeland. Among those who resented this bitterly were the Soviet Jews, who felt it to be a crime of ingratitude that could not be forgiven. Since then the role of Israel as a colony of the United States has inflamed anti-Zionist sentiments among Communist Jews in the U.S.S.R.; certainly not enough is being done to distinguish between Zionists and Jews. It is a problem, but against it briefly weigh some of the following facts:

Jews in Soviet Life

In a land where more people read novels and see plays than any other in the world, Jews are celebrated as heroes in the literature of the Civil War and World War II—and in books and plays written by non-Jews. In World War II more than 200,000 Jews died in combat. One hundred and twenty-one earned the title "Hero of the Soviet Union," the nation's highest honor and the equivalent of our Congressional Medal of Honor. During that war there were 313 Jewish generals, and among those alive today still on active service are four- and five-star generals in positions of

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The Nation (ISSN 0027-8378) is published weekly (except for the first week in January, and biweekly in July and August) by Nation Enterprises and © 1980 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011. Tel.: 212-242-8400. *Subscription Mail Address:* Nation Subscription Service, P.O. Box 1953, Marion, Ohio 43302. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. International Telex: 667 155 NATION.

Regular Subscription Price: One year, $25; two years, $45; six months, $14. Student rate, $17 a year. Add $5 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $7 other foreign. All foreign subscriptions must be paid in equivalent U.S. funds. **Please allow 5-7 weeks for all subscription transactions.**

EDITORIALS.

Slouching Toward Washington

Yeats said it best. Of another grim time, he wrote, "The best lack all conviction, while the worst/ Are full of passionate intensity." That intensity exploded last week when a lame-duck Senate narrowly approved a Strom Thurmond-Jesse Helms amendment to a Justice Department appropriations bill. The amendment prohibits Justice from spending any money to oppose school segregation with busing, often the only effective remedy.

The anti-busing impulse in Congress can't really be traced to the recent election, however, devastating as that was for liberals. In 1975, Congress adopted the Eagleton-Biden amendment, which barred the Department of Health, Education and Welfare from using its money for integration-related busing. This summer the House put the same restraints on the Justice Department. Although similar efforts in the Senate over the past five years had failed, in September it followed suit with an earlier version of the Thurmond-Helms proposal: last week's vote simply ratified that previous action.

But last week's anti-busing blitz did have a different tone. Thurmond and Helms were able to claim that the November whirlwind, which blew away over a half-dozen liberal Senatorial incumbents and challengers, and which will bring in some of the most radically reactionary people seen in Washington in decades, showed that the people were with them. The pathetic lack of passion in the busing debate and the absence of liberal Senatorial opponents gave this claim some credence. Interestingly enough, only Republicans

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argued the merits of the issue—Thurmond and Helms on one side and Lowell Weicker Jr. alone on the other, with a few plaintive remarks from lame-duck Jacob Javits, who did so much to help the reactionaries with his futile Senatorial campaign.

At one point the lonely Weicker lamented: "My disappointment lies with those who have had a traditional commitment to civil rights . . . their voices are no longer heard. Civil rights has no more political sex appeal . . . they do not fight for what they believe in."

If Weicker is right, we face a bleak future indeed. Last week's anti-busing action may well be held unconstitutional, for the Eagleton-Biden ban on H.E.W. action was upheld by the courts only because it was explicitly assumed that the Justice Department retained full authority to get the necessary remedies. And after the final vote, Thurmond announced that next year, when the Senate is 53 to 47 Republican (and probably more than that in its hostility to civil rights), he would push his bills to eliminate all Federal court jurisdiction over education and for repeal of the Voting Rights Act. Right after the election, Thurmond promised action on constitutional amendments against abortion and for school prayers, death-penalty legislation and more. Legal services for the poor and privacy legislation will probably also come under attack, and some Republicans have talked about reviving Congressional internal security committees and removing most controls over the intelligence agencies.

Before November 4, a few liberals in committee chairmanships and other positions of power in the Senate were able to hold off a numerically superior group from both parties who were hostile to civil rights and civil liberties. Now many of those Senate liberals are gone and the survivors have lost their positions of power; in the House, most Democrats will be too frightened to fight back. Rhode Island's Republican Senator John Chafee observed that many Senators had opposed the busing bill privately but were afraid to do so publicly. Only a "passionate intensity" for liberty and a healthy fear of what may happen can prevent the triumph of the beast slouching toward Washington.

Political Piety

In politics, the illusion of power is hard to separate from actual power. Attributing enormous clout to the Rev. Jerry Falwell, the Rev. James Robison and their ilk, many elected officials will trim their sails. Thereby, they will confirm their own apprehensions about the political strength of the religious fundamentalists.

Yet despite the election results in Idaho, Indiana, Iowa, South Dakota and a few other places where prominent liberals were defeated, there is little reason to believe that Americans have suddenly become less tolerant on abortion, women's rights, homosexuality, or separation of church and state. All that is clear is that the religious fundamentalists did a good job of organizing, reflecting both their own willingness to express their convictions and the reluctance of many of their reputedly liberal opponents to express theirs.

Over on page 570 of this issue, Leo P. Ribuffo argues with considerable force that all those dangerous new fundamentalist right-wingers are not so new. And if liberals and radicals will concentrate on opposing vigorously what they say, rather than the propriety of their saying it from the pulpit, the religious right may prove not to be as dangerous as their political hit-list tally makes them seem to be. After all, right-wing clerics have enough difficulty delivering the souls of their parishioners to the preferred eternity; delivering their votes to a particular politician is even harder—as liberal and radical clerics have long known.

As it regroups its forces, the left should know that overestimating the strength of the fundamentalists is as foolish as underestimating it. But the greatest folly would be to yield any territory to them without a fight. They must be set back a few times—if only to destroy the myth of invincibility now enveloping them.

Big Mama v. Big Brother

Big Mama Rag Inc., a Colorado nonprofit corporation of the feminist persuasion, recently won a stunning victory over the Internal Revenue Service in a little-noticed case that may have a profound impact on the law governing public-interest groups and other organizations claiming tax exemptions. Writing for the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia, Judge Abner Mikva reversed a Federal District Court opinion upholding the denial of a tax exemption to Big Mama and declared the I.R.S. regulations governing educational and charitable institutions to be "unconstitutionally vague in violation of the First Amendment."

Big Mama's application for tax-exempt status was denied by the I.R.S. because of "the political and legislative commentary found throughout" its newspaper, the *Big Mama Rag*, and "the articles, lectures, editorials, etc., promoting lesbianism." As the District Director of I.R.S. put it, "the content of [the] publication is not educational, the preparation of the material does not follow methods educational in nature, the distribution of the material is not valuable in achieving an educational purpose."

Treasury Department regulations state that "an organization may be educational even though it advocates a particular position or viewpoint so long as it presents a sufficiently full and fair exposition of the pertinent facts as to permit an individual or the public to form an independent opinion or conclusion. On the other hand, an organization is not educational if its principal function is the mere presentation of . . . unsupported opinion." Judge Sirica held that Big Mama was not entitled to a tax exemption because it had "adopted a stand so doctrinaire" that it could not meet the "full and fair exposition" standard.

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This view of education, however, assumes a dichotomy between fact and opinion that is hard to support. As Judge Mikva stated in rejecting the regulation, "The distinction is not so clear cut that an organization seeking tax-exempt status—or an I.R.S. official receiving an application for exemption—will be able to judge when any given statement must be bolstered by another supporting statement."

In practice, the I.R.S. has all too often tended to regard facts it does not like as unsupported opinion [see editorial, "The I.R.S. vs. Free Speech," *The Nation*, July 5]. Indeed, the Treasury Department's *Exempt Organizations Handbook* has defined "advocates a particular position" as synonymous with "controversial." Thus, if Big Mama had advocated, say, traditional family values, it presumably would not have been required to meet the "full and fair exposition" standard at all. I.R.S. officials, in fact, at one point advised Big Mama that an exemption could be approved only if the organization would "agree to abstain from advocating that homosexuality is a mere preference, orientation, or propensity on par with heterosexuality and which should otherwise be regarded as normal."

Education, like pornography, may be notoriously hard to define, but we agree with Judge Mikva that "in this area the First Amendment cannot countenance a subjective 'I know it when I see it' standard."

Reagan *Abrazo*

Cartagena, Colombia

Everyone who remembers the Dulles brothers' adventures in Central America should stay tuned for a new chapter with Ronald Reagan. Throughout Latin America, news of his victory was greeted as the Second Coming by the extreme right, but nowhere was the glee so manifest as it was among the Central American military. Guatemalan strongman Romeo Lucas Garcia, head of the most ruthless police state in the region, spoke for his fellow dictators when he said that he had "hoped for a Reagan victory" to end all the human-rights "nonsense."

Nonsensical as Carter's human-rights policy may have seemed to his U.S. critics, it did save lives in the Latin American military regimes, particularly in countries where the U.S. ambassador took the mandate seriously, an example being Robert White, Carter's Ambassador to Paraguay and later to El Salvador. With the U.S. pendulum poised for an abrupt swing in the opposite direction, liberal politicians and human-rights groups are rightly scared. "We may have to go into hiding or exile," warned a South American lawyer who works with an ecumenical church group that has protested torture and the detention of political prisoners. Archbishop Arturo Rivera y Damas, El Salvador's principal spokesman for human rights, added that Reagan's saber rattling boded no good for Central America. However questionable the Carter Administration's Central American policy, Rivera y Damas said, the President had steadfastly vetoed direct U.S. military intervention.

The Archbishop is not the only one who worries about a repeat of the tactics used in the infamous 1954 coup in Guatemala, which was designed and orchestrated by Central Intelligence Director Allen Dulles and his brother, John Foster Dulles, the Secretary of State. Mexico's President José Lopez Portillo also warned Reagan to stay out of the political cauldrons of El Salvador and Guatemala. Central America's problems will not be resolved by repression, he said, although he admitted that the Reagan Administration may be tempted by such an easy out.

As if to confirm the Central Americans' fears, El Salvador's military regime stepped up attacks on peasant villages within days of Reagan's victory. Hundreds of troops supported by helicopters and artillery stormed the mountainous region of San Vicente, where guerrillas were supposedly hiding, forcing some 5,000 peasants to flee the area. In one bloody week alone, 420 Salvadorans were murdered, including children and teen-agers. To human-rights groups, the military offensive looks ominously like the beginning of a major cleanup operation in the style of the 1930s, when 30,000 peasants were massacred.

Central American political sources said that although the bloodletting undoubtedly would have continued had Carter been re-elected, repression is now certain to intensify because military regimes know they will obtain political support and an increase in military aid when Reagan takes office. Richard Allen, Reagan's senior foreign policy adviser for most of the campaign, established close contacts with representatives of the Salvadoran junta during meetings in Washington earlier this year. Roger Fontaine, Reagan's principal Latin American adviser and the former director of Latin American studies for Georgetown University's Center for Strategic and International Studies, promised a step-up in military aid to Guatemala and a more benign policy toward military governments. Both follow the boss's lead: according to Reagan, "old friends" of the United States (read military regimes) have felt "abandoned and betrayed" by Carter's human-rights policy.

One of Reagan's oldest "friends," former Nicaraguan strongman Anastasio Somoza, is no longer around to reap the benefits of such solicitude, having been blown to bits by a bazooka in Paraguay. But Somoza's followers may be encouraged by a Reagan strategy proposed by Fontaine's group at the Center for Strategic and International Studies, which envisions a U.S.-backed coup against the Sandinist Government in Nicaragua through a cutoff of all U.S. aid and by "molding the national guard in exile into an effective fighting force." The principal problem with that scenario is that it is about as original as Reagan's old cowboy flicks. Times have changed, even in the Central American backwoods, and any adventuring in the region will cost the United States both the good will of oil-rich Mexico and a resurrection of Vietnam nightmares.

PENNY LERNOUX

Penny Lernoux, The Nation's Latin American correspondent, is the author of Cry of the People *(Doubleday).*

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ITEM. ITEM. ITEM.

■ **Until this month, the Pentagon officially acknowledged only thirteen nuclear weapons accidents. These were contained in a list published in January 1968, after a B-52 armed with nuclear bombs plunged into the ice near Thule, Greenland, scattering radioactive plutonium over a wide area. A similar crash contaminated acres of agricultural topsoil at Palomares, Spain, in 1966; the U.S. clean-up operation cost $50 million. Many authorities on nuclear arms, including the Stockholm Peace Research Institute, insisted that the Pentagon list of "Broken Arrows" (military code for a nuclear weapons accident) was incomplete.**

Now, reports *Nation* contributor Stephen Talbot, the Pentagon's Defense Nuclear Agency has released—for the first time since 1968—an updated total of acknowledged Broken Arrows. The new count: twenty-six nuclear weapons accidents—thirteen more than have ever been confirmed previously. In addition, the Pentagon admitted that there have been other Broken Arrows, which they will not describe for "political and national security reasons." The number of these accidents, they said, is "less than ten." That makes a grand total of up to thirty-six Broken Arrows, not to mention at least seventy nuclear weapons "incidents" known as "Bent Spears."

Mercifully, there has never been an accidental U.S. nuclear detonation, but many of these Broken Arrows have caused death and injury, and several have set off the conventional high explosive (usually TNT) contained in each nuclear weapon, spewing toxic and carcinogenic plutonium. There are already some 9,000 strategic and 22,000 tactical nukes in the U.S. arsenal. If Ronald Reagan forges ahead with the deployment of the MX and other nuclear weapons, the chances of more nuclear accidents will grow.

■ At his impromptu, and rather wistful, press conference on November 12, President Jimmy Carter said that, come January 20, he planned to go home to Plains and write his memoirs. According to *The New York Times*, "He also said he would deed most of the papers of his Presidency, which by law are his property, to the Government and would not attempt to make any personal profit from them."

That sounds nice and would seem to contrast favorably with the embargo President Gerald Ford imposed on his papers, while he drew on them for his memoirs. However, according to M.B. Schnapper, president of the Public Affairs Press in Washington and an authority on Presidential papers [see "Public Papers and Private Gain," *The Nation*, November 24, 1979], Carter's past performance in the matter of his papers raises some doubts that he will behave any differently from his predecessors.

Carter is acting on the assumption that the papers are his property because the Presidential Records Act of 1978 does not apply to any of the papers generated prior to January 20, 1981. This long overdue statute mandated that materials "created or received by a President or his aides . . . which relate to or have an effect" on the conduct of his office should belong to the public, but, in violation of the spirit of the act, Carter is treating his papers as though they are his own.

In a letter dated March 6, 1978, the President repeated his "intention to offer," at an unspecified time, "for deposit with the United States government [i.e., the Carter Presidential library], the official papers and other historical material received and produced during my Presidency." In other words, although he purports to be "donating" his papers to the public (how, we continue to wonder, can one donate to the public what one doesn't own?), he will decide for himself what he will turn over to his Presidential library, what papers he will keep and what restrictions on access he will place on the records in the library.

At his press conference, Carter said that it would be inappropriate for an ex-President to be "involved in the commercial world." Yet his control over confidential papers will enhance the commercial value of his memoirs in the publishing marketplace. As he said, when asked if his memoirs would contain any surprises, "I hope so; read the book."

■ **Leonard Bernstein was quoted recently in *Women's Wear Daily* as being worried about the future of Federal arts programs under the Reagan Administration. We will attempt no prophecies here; however, we have received a useful cautionary note from Daniel Grant, editor of *Artworkers News* in New York City.**

Grant reminds us that a number of major supporters of the arts in Washington were casualties of the Reagan landslide. The list includes Senator Jacob Javits, Congressmen John Brademas and Frank Thompson and, of course, Joan Mondale, wife of the Vice President. There are supporters of the arts remaining in Congress, Grant says, but they lack the political stature of the people who were voted out.

The most visible aspect of the patronage of Brademas, Javits, Mondale and Thompson has been the rapid rise in the budget for the National Endowment for the Arts over the past four years. In 1976, the arts endowment received $88 million; its current budget is $154.4 million—a 75 percent increase. In addition, more Federal agencies have become involved in arts activities, including the Department of Labor (which has hired between 7,000 and 10,000 artists since 1973 under the Comprehensive Employment and Training Act), the General Services Administration (which commissions artists to provide murals or sculptures for Federal buildings) and the Small Business Administration.

Joan Mondale, as chairwoman of the Federal Council on the Arts and Humanities, inaugurated a number of programs, such as the Business of Art Seminars, held under the aegis of the Small Business Administration. Most of these projects, said a member of the council, will "probably go with the Carter Administration." Senator Javits sponsored an Artist Tax Equity bill that would relieve certain tax burdens that fall unfairly on artists. Without Javits's backing, the fate of that bill is now in doubt. As a spokesman for the National Endowment for the Arts summed up: "We need some friends, and we need to know who they are now."

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The Non-Shortage

When oil exports from Iran and Iraq were halted because of the war between the two countries, the industrial nations lost 8.2 percent of their total imports. But the cutoff of exports of Iranian oil in December 1978 cost the Western powers 8.7 percent of their oil imports. At the time, Secretary of Energy James Schlesinger warned the American people that the Iranian shortfall would be even more damaging than the Arab oil embargo of 1973.

Why, then, are we not in a crisis now? The amount of the shortfall is almost identical with the one in 1978-79 which caused nationwide gas lines. At his September 24 press conference President Carter explained: "Oil inventories in the world's major consuming nations are at an all-time high. The world's margin of oil security is much greater today than in the winter of 1978 and '79 when the Iranian revolution reduced oil supplies at a time when reserve oil supplies were low."

Carter's explanation contained two factual errors. First, total oil supplies were not low at the time of the Iranian revolution. Actually, oil stocks were *higher* in December 1978 than in any other similar period except one, when, according to the Department of Energy, "unusually large stocks . . . had been built up."

Number two, from the standpoint of the industry, oil reserves are not all that high now. Since the Iranian crisis, the definition of "normal" stocks has undergone a marked change. Industry users and refiners, both in the United States and elsewhere in the world, have upped their reserve requirements, so that what was considered a safe reserve in 1978 is not considered sufficient in 1980.

And so the difference between 1978 and today is not to be found in a "glut" of oil but rather in the politics of energy. In 1978, the Administration was anxious to push through its program of oil price decontrols, continued reliance on nuclear power, and synthetic fuels. It is unlikely that this program would have been passed by Congress without an atmosphere of crisis. As Secretary Schlesinger put it: "The political difficulty is that the crisis is invisible. There are no gasoline lines. Public skepticism exists as to the magnitude of the problem."

Now that Carter's energy program has been enacted, a crisis atmosphere is no longer needed to whip up support. Furthermore, in an election year the last thing the incumbent wanted was a recurrence of gas lines and surging oil prices. That is the real explanation of the Great Non-Shortage of 1980.

PETER DEUTSCH

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ARTICLES.

THE 'BLACK INTERNATIONAL'

Eurofascism–The Wave of the Past

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

To some Europeans, it is beginning to look as if the beastliness is back with us. In the last few weeks, a current of "Eurofascist" atrocity has rippled across three countries (the usual "wave" metaphor is an exaggeration, even if a pardonable one). And the fact that the three countries are Germany, Italy and France has done little to reassure those who fear the resurgence of Nazism.

In the early part of 1977, I was in Madrid, observing the last pangs of the Franco period. For several weeks, a rash of provocations and murders tested the Spanish nerve. The clear objective of the terror was to precipitate a last-ditch military takeover: a bunker against rule by Freemasons and Communists. Gunmen from Argentina and Italy were identified among the squads. But their attempt failed dismally: Spain shed the skin of fascism. The fanatics went off to their annual Führer commemorations, their collections of kitsch regalia, their insanitary memories and their even less wholesome internal disputes. It was, said my Spanish and Basque and Catalan friends, "the last stand of the Black International." At the time, that seemed a mature and realistic view. Does it still?

"The Black International" was a term coined in Italy to describe those who were not merely nostalgic for Hitler's New Order in Europe but prepared to fight and kill for it. In the 1960s, such groups attacked synagogues in West Germany, blew up trains in Italy and Austria and carried out assassinations in France and farther afield. Guns and adherents came from the O.A.S. of the French Algerian *colons*, from Nazi exiles and sympathizers in South America and, for a short while, from groups protected by the military junta in Greece. Attempts, involving friendly police and army officers, were made to pull off an Athens-style coup in Rome in 1969. But these and subsequent plots ended in bathos, if only because they were usually masterminded by the veteran buffoon Prince Junio Valerio Borghese, who fled to Spain after his final fiasco. With the overthrow of Marcello Caetano, the death of Franco and the ignominious collapse of the Greek junta, it looked for a while as if Southern Europe had finally been cleansed of the detritus of the Third Reich. Only in England, where racist anti-immigrant sentiment was briefly commandeered by an ex-Nazi leadership, did it seem that there was any real menace.

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So 1980 has been a very bad year. On August 2, during a working-class holiday in a Communist municipality, the Bologna railway station was devastated by a huge bomb, timed to explode at a peak traveling hour. Eighty-two people died. The action was "claimed" by the Armed Revolutionary Nuclei, a fascist gang uniting many former factions of the Italian right. They were making a point about the upcoming trial of their leader, Mario Tuti, accused of another train bombing in 1974.

Then, on September 26, fourteen people were slain and more than a hundred injured when a bomb exploded outside the Munich Oktoberfest beer festival. Among the dead was the perpetrator of the crime, an unpolished young man named Gundolf Koehler. He was a member of the paramilitary Wehrsportgruppe Hoffman. This is a gun-loving "exercise" club named after its founder, leading neo-Nazi Karl-Heinz Hoffman, an energetic fellow known for his weapons collection and his penchant for uniforms.

That explosion was probably a bungled attempt to derail the Federal German elections. More disturbing was the campaign of anti-Semitic and anti-democratic violence that has been developing in France, which was highlighted a few days afterward.

On October 3, a Parisian synagogue was the target of a car bomb. It exploded prematurely, just before the congregation was due to leave. Even so, five lives were lost and Christian Bonnet, the incompetent reactionary who holds the post of Interior Minister, passed into history with the ineffable remark that most of these five were "innocent Christian bystanders." Attacks by F.A.N.E. (the Federation of European National Action) had in fact been going on for some weeks before this. They included the machine-gunning of Jewish day nurseries, schools and Holocaust memorials as well as the fire-bombing of the homes of non-Jewish radicals.

Several questions and headings arise out of this nasty spate of violence. First, how dangerous is it? Second, how (well) organized? Third, who benefits and who cooperates? Finally, what, if anything, does it have to do with the Middle East?

On the face of it, the answer to the first question is a reassuring one. The response to the terror was, by and large, exemplary. In Italy, the mass protest of the Bologna bombing was agreed by all observers to be impressive, dignified and courageous. A gigantic crowd, mustered under the banners of the unions and the left, defied threats and staged a popular funeral. Many relatives of the dead refused the offer of a state burial because of alleged Government complacency about fascist terror. But they all came to Bologna. In Germany, the electorate calmly and stolidly returned the Social Democrats to power and gave a tiny sprinkling of votes to far-right fringe parties. In Paris, Jewish protest swelled into a demonstration of more than 300,000 citizens, making a symbolic reaffirmation of the traditions of the Resistance and Republican France against the memory of Vichy and collaboration. (François Truffaut's new film, *The Last Metro*, dealing with these shameful themes in French history, could not have opened at a better moment than that week.)

So, not too bad. But, as Brecht put it rather starkly in the epilogue to *Arturo Ui*, the womb from which Hitler crawled is fecund still. Social problems are increasing in Western and Southern Europe, and so are nationalist rivalries and regional jealousies. Many of the new fascists are in their 20s and do not conform to the image of the embittered veteran who is such a feature of small-town life in Germany and Italy. There is a certain scope for extremism on the right. One disturbing element—part of the answer to my second question—is the collusion of some police and other officials (and some foreign governments) with the Black International. France provides the most revolting example of this, with Valéry Giscard d'Estaing actually employing members of fascist groups as stewards and bodyguards during his election campaigns. And the secretary of a police trade union, José Delthorn, told the French press at a staggering news conference that 20 percent of the known members of F.A.N.E. were serving police officers.

Some of these police types even operate across frontiers. Thus, Paul-Louis Durand, a gallant cop in Nice, has been asked not only about his connections with F.A.N.E. but also about those wanted for questioning after Bologna. Thus, Gen. Vito Miceli, former head of the Italian military police and friend of the Greek junta, now sits as a neofascist deputy in the Italian Parliament, claiming immunity from investigation or prosecution. His own role in planning various bombings and putsches in the early 1970s would not bear much scrutiny. And thus, the Bavarian police, despite repeated protests about the open militarization of the Hoffman group (and despite Franz-Josef Strauss's ceaseless talk about the Red International terror and the need for law and order) found other engagements to distract them from invigilating the open terrorists in their own parish.

Foreign governments also take a hand, though they now have to reach a little farther than Madrid or Athens in order to meddle. Stefano delle Chiaie, also known (thanks to the investigative reporting of John Dinges and Saul Landau) as Alfredo di Stefano, was one of those involved in setting up the shooting of Chilean former Vice President Bernardo Leighton in Rome in 1975 under orders from DINA, the Chilean secret police. He is still being sought in connection with the Bologna bombing and for his part in a Francoist shooting in Spain in 1976. (Giorgio Almirante, the leader of Italy's parliamentary fascists, the Italian Social Movement-National Right, recently attended a memorial mass for Franco at the invitation of Blas Piñar, leader of Spain's Fuerza Nueva.)

Again, the Italian Elio Massegrande, who was wanted for the murder of an inquisitive judge in 1976, is now living in Paraguay. He was involved in the secretive neo-Nazi cell Rosa dei Venti, which is known to operate from other Latin American countries as well. Other Italian fascist refugees have chosen Argentina as their bolt-hole, perhaps because of the large Italian and Sicilian communities there.

Some of this pseudo-internationalism among the extreme right has to do with the perverse Catholicism that many of

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them profess. They draw support, as did their forefathers, from the conservative elements of the Roman Catholic Church. Archbishop Marcel Lefebvre, for instance, took time off from his argument with the Pope over the Latin mass to say recently: "In Europe, true Catholicism no longer exists. In Central America, bishops have surrendered to Communism. In South America, only countries like Argentina, Bolivia, Chile and Uruguay can join forces to wage Roman Catholicism's struggle against Communism." Anti-Semitism has never lacked that kind of spiritual nourishment (and the good Archbishop does not lack for stewards at his controversial meetings). Nor, as we have seen, does fascism run short of police protection, official blind-eye tactics and overseas encouragement. What about the Middle East connection?

To most anti-Semites, hating Israel is as natural as breathing (though the British fascist leader Sir Oswald Mosley, for instance, dislikes Jews so much that he has always favored freighting them to the Levant). Reprints of the *Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion* and slogans like "Today Palestine, tomorrow the world" are commonplace in paranoid rightist literature. Although mosques are attacked as often as synagogues in Britain and France, and although the French ultra-right received Israeli support during its pogroms in Algeria, one occasionally sees praise for the Moslem brotherhood in fascist magazines. Nonwhite immigrants, often Moslem, bear the brunt of racial violence in Europe. But the world view of the anti-Semite is a burdensome one; the structure and mentality of conspiracy theory necessitate hatred of Jews even when they are not unpopular.

Massimiliano Fachini, arrested in connection with the Bologna bombing, first drew police attention with a "Palestine Solidarity Committee," which he helped to set up with another notorious fascist, Franco Freda. (Freda was jailed for the killing of sixteen people in Milan in 1969, an atrocity at first pinned, with proven police complicity, on the anarchist Pietro Valpreda.)

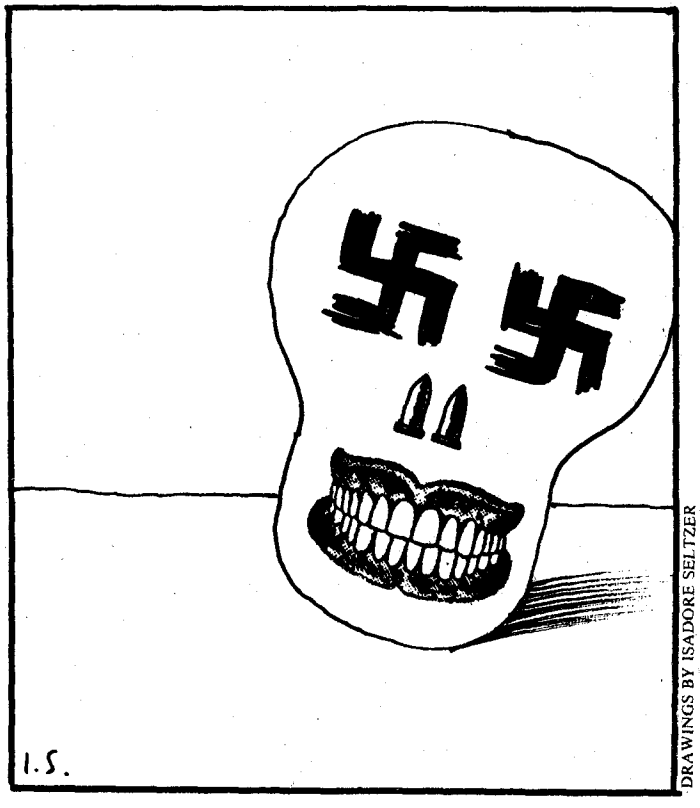
A Middle Eastern trace is even more identifiable in the case of Claudio Mutti, known as "the Nazi academic" and also currently facing the Bologna judges. Mutti has a long record of activity, including cooperation with Gianni Gianettini, an Italian secret serviceman who helped in the escape of wanted fascist criminals and assisted them on bombing missions. Incredibly, Mutti holds the post of Professor of Letters at Parma. He also founded the Italian-Libyan Friendship Society and helped publish speeches by the Ayatollah Khomeini in Italian.

Elements of the German right have also taken an interest in the Middle East, some having visited Beirut and scraped up a few acquaintanceships. The Baader-Meinhof gang, which used to turn up and weary the Palestine Liberation Organization with lectures on armed struggle, actually bought its first load of small arms from the neo-Nazi Bavarian underground (after a short wrangle about the purity of doing so). Indeed, there is a small and squalid area in which nihilists of left and right meet and intersect. There is cross-fertilization, especially in Italy. Fascists often borrow demagogic leftist titles. One of the "agreements" facilitating this incest is a hatred of Israel; the other one is a hatred of democracy and a mutual conviction that a Fascist/Communist takeover will only hasten a Fascist/Communist victory. The last sane people to believe that were the German Communists who argued in 1933, "After Hitler—us."

In spite of this, the pattern doesn't show any consistent Middle East intervention. The P.L.O., which was accused by Menachem Begin of helping with the Paris bombing, almost certainly did nothing of the sort. Giscard d'Estaing's new oil opportunism in the Arab world is the reason why they would *not* do such a thing rather than, as Gush Emunim (the religio-nationalist group supporting annexation of the West Bank) would have it, why they would. The targets of the French fascists included, in any case, the offices of Aeroflot Soviet Airlines—hardly the usual target of a P.L.O. vendetta.

In the past, the danger presented by fascists could be crudely gauged. How useful were they? Did anybody really need them? So far, no real backer has emerged in Europe. The Grey Wolf squadrons were useful in destabilizing Turkey and softening it up for a military coup. But, now that the new elite is in the saddle, the young punks have been discarded just as Ernst Roehm and the SA were cast aside by Hitler. In the future, it may be that somebody will interest themselves in financing the Croatian Ustashi and launching a "strategy of tension" in Yugoslavia. But otherwise, I think we'll pull through.

The existence of the Black International does demonstrate that Europe has not yet purged itself of Nazi barbarism or of the superstitious and racist ideas which gave Nazism its head start. But the *tactics* of the Black International are paradoxically rather heartening. This is the mayhem of des-



DRAWINGS BY ISADORE SELTZER

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perate losers and ideological smog-heads—not the confident, bullying, systematic violence of the Thousand Year Reich. □

FUNDAMENTALISM REVISITED

Liberals and That Old-Time Religion

LEO P. RIBUFFO

For fifty years the dominant interpretation of Protestant fundamentalism has oscillated between two poles. On the one hand, it was said, this supposedly vestigial faith verged on extinction; on the other, it posed a clear and present danger to civility and progress. The second view is now in the ascendant, reaching even glossy magazines and prime-time television. During the recent campaign, overlapping stories by *Newsweek, U.S. News & World Report, Bill Moyers' Journal* and *Sixty Minutes* on the Rev. Jerry Falwell and his Moral Majority, the Rev. James Robison of Dallas and the lobby Christian Voice presented "born-again" Christians as an ominous political force. From the hustings, John Anderson accused the Moral Majority of harking "back to medieval times," and Secretary of Health and Human Services Patricia Roberts Harris obliquely compared Falwell to the Ayatollah Khomeini. From the academy, Martin Marty of the University of Chicago Divinity School discerned a "New Christian right," and Daniel Maguire of Marquette University warned against incipient "religious fascism."

But the connections between piety and politics in what church historian Sydney E. Ahlstrom has called the "land *par excellence* of revivalism" should not have surprised commentators and Congressmen. Participants in the first Great Awakening, begun during the 1730s, moved from criticism of sedate religion to criticism of George III. Continuing intermittently from the 1790s to the 1840s, the second Great Awakening spawned movements to build schools, hospitals and asylums; to ban alcohol, harass Roman Catholics and invade Mexico; to abolish slavery or extend its boundaries. Revivals mobilized both Union and Confederate troops during the Civil War.

An understanding of contemporary "born-again politics" requires some grasp of religious controversies that have wracked Protestantism since the late nineteenth century. Adapting to Darwinian theory and biblical "higher criticism," optimistic theological liberals sought to build God's earthly Kingdom by following the admirable, though possibly mortal, example of Jesus. Theological conservatives, usually called fundamentalists after 1910, insisted that the Bible contained God's word, accurate in the "original autographs" if not in subsequent translations. Mankind was destined to sin, moreover, until Jesus, the Son of God, returned, subdued the Antichrist and established the Kingdom.

Theological liberals did not necessarily endorse liberal politics. Some embraced the Social Gospel, but only a small number among this minority went beyond the mild progressivism of Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson. Nor was conservative theology equivalent to conservative politics. Although William Jennings Bryan retains an undeserved reputation as a fundamentalist yahoo, his critique of corporate capitalism and diplomatic machismo would have made him an attractive alternative to the three major Presidential contenders in 1980. Both theological liberals and conservatives campaigned for Prohibition. Mobilizing 40,000 congregations in annual "field days," and sometimes supporting tipsy legislators who voted "dry" against abstainers who voted "wet," the Anti-Saloon League was the strongest single-issue lobby in American history.

Stereotypes that still cloud the discussion of born-again Protestants began to reach a wide audience after World War I, when fundamentalists led the drive to ban the theory of evolution from public schools and joined broader efforts to censor films, confiscate pornography and keep Al Smith from the White House. Appalled spectators like H. L. Mencken blamed evangelical rubes and racketeers for American philistinism, nativism and "puritanism."

Most fundamentalists during the 1940s voted for Franklin D. Roosevelt because they were poor, Southern and/or loyal Democrats. Yet others among them considered the New Deal the latest form of infidelity endorsed by Social Gospellers, and a faction within this minority formed the core of a right-wing movement that was distinct from, though often allied with, the Roosevelt Administration's conservative opponents. These Protestant rightists cooperated with Catholics who shared their major premise, that the New Deal was a subversive conspiracy, but almost always listed Jews among the chief conspirators. The Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith, the most prominent right-wing Protestant, organized the Share-Our-Wealth Society for Huey Long, formed an anti-Roosevelt coalition with Father Charles E. Coughlin, the "radio priest," and, forsaking economic redistribution for corporate donations, fought the C.I.O. Until the early 1940s, Smith's allies included such reputable conservatives as Senator Arthur Vandenberg and Representative Hamilton Fish.

Combining reflexive disdain for evangelical preachers with dubious trans-Atlantic analogies, the left warned that devout bigots like Smith constituted a serious fascist threat. By the mid-1930s, warnings against "domestic" fascism reached glossy magazines and prime-time radio. Unfortunately, this Brown Scare produced consequences more serious than *Life* cover stories, broadcasts by Walter Winchell and exposés like Avedis Derounian's *Under Cover* (written under the pseudonym John Roy Carlson). Liberals and radicals, exaggerating rightist influence, corporate ties and Axis connections, softened their own commitment to civil

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liberties. Liberal members of Congress, for example, used the House Un-American Activities Committee to investigate Gerald L. K. Smith. During World War II, the Roosevelt Administration turned the Smith Act against thirty assorted bigots, most of whom were politicized Protestants. Although the case, known as *United States* v. *McWilliams,* was as ridiculous as any subsequent mass-conspiracy trial, the American Civil Liberties Union stood aside, the *Daily Worker* cheered and most liberal journals, including *The Nation,* joined the applause.

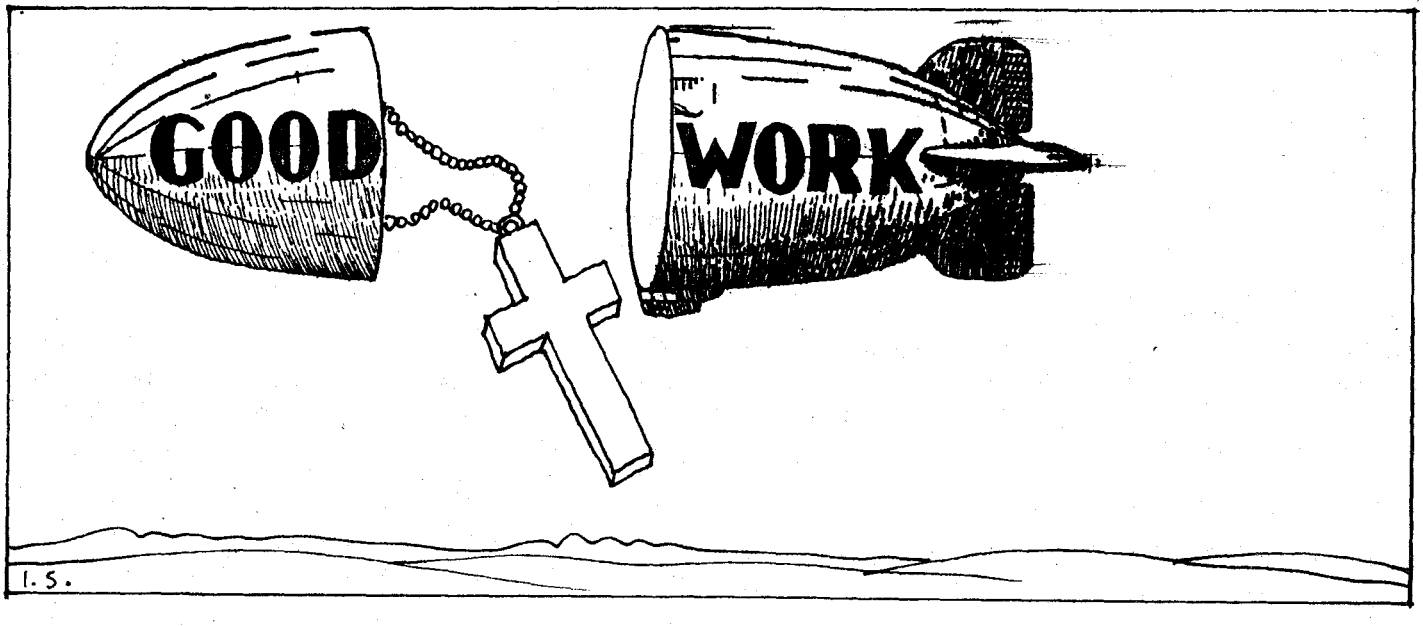
World War II precipitated the religious revival that, despite occasional detours, continues today. During the 1950s, "In God We Trust" was claimed by Congress as our national motto; "under God" was added to the Pledge of Allegiance, and God Himself, now a pluralist amalgam—"Protestant-Catholic-Jew"—was conscripted into the cold war. In this conducive environment, theological conservatives not only avoided extinction but gained ground. They softened their tone, de-emphasized doctrine and implied that Jesus's return was less imminent than previously supposed. These evangelicals (or "neo-fundamentalists," as Prof. William McLoughlin labels practitioners of this stylistic swerve) were and are aptly represented by Billy Graham.

Not all evangelicals during the 1950s followed Graham into well-tailored respectability. Prominent scholars explained the deviations of these die-hard holdouts from political or theological liberalism by translating Brown Scare motifs into social science jargon. In their view the "radical right," which included Senator Joseph McCarthy's Protestant allies, consisted of moralistic "ideologues" who practiced irrational "status politics" instead of sensible horse-trading and betrayed what Richard Hofstadter called the "paranoid style." This argument, popularized in Daniel Bell's anthology, *The New American Right* (1957), owed more to ingenuity than to evidence. (Bell's book was reissued in 1963 as *The Radical Right,* which itself raises questions about the "newness" of the current "new" right.) Nevertheless, the "status anxiety" argument was applied—with decreasing insight—to each successive "new" right: the John Birch Society, Minute Men and Billy James Hargis's Christian Crusade in the early 1960s, Barry Goldwater's Presidential race in 1964 and George Wallace's campaign in 1968. By the mid-1960s, "political fundamentalism" had become a synonym for bigotry.

Thus the current clamor over a new Christian right continues a long tradition of misunderstanding. Still insensitive to differences of race and class, let alone doctrine or denomination, magazine and television accounts often casually equate "fundamentalist," "evangelical" and "born-again" Christians. Then, announcing that thirty or fifty or sixty-five million Americans have been, by some standard, "reborn," they slip into speculation that noisy ministers, allied with savvy professionals like Terry Dolan, Howard Phillips, Paul Weyrich and Richard Viguerie, are recasting the political spectrum.

These predictions of realignment should be viewed skeptically. For three decades, after all, rising "new" rights have been periodically proclaimed by adherents, denounced by liberals and publicized by journalists seeking fresh sacred or secular trends before every deadline. For three decades, nonetheless, each new right has been essentially the same old conglomeration of avid cold warriors, rhetoricians of laissez faire and proponents of cultural retrenchment. Recent tactical shifts, such as appeals to blacks and union members, are less noteworthy than the perennial denunciations of Communism, Big Government and loose living. Appropriately, Ronald Reagan, the tan eminence of the latest new right, which might be dubbed the "smooth right," is an old-timer whose conservatism dates from the early 1950s.

Undoubtedly, many evangelical Protestants back Reagan's smooth right, just as many of them previously joined its less polished predecessors. But pyramiding media coverage, trained on a handful of groups, provides scant evidence that the proportion of adherents nationally is larger than in 1938, when a bipartisan conservative coalition began its long reign over Congress—or 1968, when Richard



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Nixon won the Presidency and George Wallace polled ten million votes. From a historical vantage point, we might even conclude that the right's militant Christian component is a shadow of its former self. Forty years ago this contingent had denounced birth control within marriage and opposed divorce; their ideological descendants now try to hold the line at opposing homosexuality and celebrate a divorced President-elect. A Moral Majority conference in September attracted 15,000 persons, but Gerald L. K. Smith drew crowds three times as large when Falwell was a teen-ager.

Comparison of Smith and Falwell, the prototypical Protestant rightists of 1940 and 1980, respectively, helps to measure continuity and change. Smith estimated his radio audience at two million, which suggests that "evangelism's new electronic circuit" is hardly as unprecedented as *Newsweek* thinks. Yet Smith ultimately failed to translate boasts and high ratings into a permanent political base, and Falwell is likely to encounter the same problem. On the other hand, their differences suggest that the Protestant right, like society generally, has made some progress during the past forty years. Whereas Smith vowed to "drive that cripple from the White House" and slid from ordinary demagogy into extraordinary anti-Semitism, Falwell politely answers critics, supports Israel and favors joint action with conservative Jews who oppose abortion.

Mainstream opinion of evangelicals may have changed even less since the 1920s than have evangelicals themselves. Current amazement that they actually know how to produce TV programs reeks of a condescension worthy of Mencken. Furthermore, liberal commentators have re-aimed rightward venerable pluralist clichés that were only recently used to discredit leftist "ideologues." According to Secretary Patricia Harris, leaders of the "Christian crusade" threaten the nation's "consensus orientation." *New York Times* columnist Anthony Lewis fears for the fate of "political safety in a pluralist society." The Rev. Richard John Neuhaus, a prominent Lutheran, contends that "profoundly immature" agitators like Falwell and Robison misconstrue the "traditions of democracy." Alan Crawford follows a similar line in *Thunder on the Right*, a muckraker's retread of *The New American Right*.

On the contrary, the Moral Majority and Christian Voice exert some influence because, like the Anti-Saloon League and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, they do understand the "traditions of democracy": grass-roots organization, effective publicity and pressure on elected officials. Nonetheless, the premise that the Christian right's dogmatism renders it illegitimate will likely become liberal dogma, serving simultaneously to stigmatize heretics and rally the faithful.

This Brown Scare, like its predecessor, may produce consequences more serious than *Newsweek* cover stories, broadcasts by Dan Rather and exposés like Crawford's *Thunder on the Right*. Liberals and radicals, again exaggerating the power of the Protestant right (now seen to be in alliance with Catholic foes of abortion), are softening their commitment to civil liberties. After retracting his earlier opinion that politicized evangelists threaten the First Amendment to the Constitution, which mandates separation of church and state, Anthony Lewis still suspects them of undermining Article VI, which forbids religious tests for office. "Some liberals, including me," Lewis wrote, "may have been too glib in finding the separation of church and state threatened by the current political preachments." Nevertheless, he continued, what is troubling about the Falwells "is that they make checklists of politico-religious purity and urge that every candidate be judged by those tests." Lewis, and David Landau of the A.C.L.U., have also chided right-wing churches for abusing their freedom from taxation. Following Humberto Cardinal Medeiros's intervention in the September Massachusetts primaries, Abortion Rights Mobilization filed suit to revoke the Catholic Church's tax exemption.

These exercises in constitutional sleight of hand, though less drastic than use of H.U.A.C. and the Smith Act against the right during the 1940s, could backfire in comparable fashion. After all, the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. chose the name Southern *Christian* Leadership Conference partly to benefit from the Internal Revenue code. If taxes are levied on Falwell's interlocking enterprises because he endorsed Reagan, what form of judicial transubstantiation will spare the S.C.L.C., whose leader, Joseph Lowery, not only endorsed Jimmy Carter but joined him and 200 ministers in a White House rendition of "Amazing Grace"? The tax laws covering churches and nonprofit organizations may need revision, but at the very least, this complicated question should be discussed in a calm mood and with the recognition that provisions should apply uniformly across the theological and political spectrums. Finally, Article VI must not be construed to restrain or chill free speech.

Falwell has a point when he complains that his critics never "accused the National Council of Churches of mixing religion and politics." It is ironic that theological conservatives are now urged to wait quietly for the Antichrist both by theological liberals, who traditionally denied any distinction between godly work and work-in-the-world, and by secular radicals, who rightly maintain in other contexts that the personal is the political. For instance, Representative Rev. Walter Fauntroy, dressed in impressive clerical garb, used his pulpit to attack Falwell and other "false prophets." Without any sense of irony, Senator Mark Hatfield, on *Sixty Minutes*, defended separation of church and state by accusing the Protestant right of "apostasy."

A comparable double standard marks two *New York Times* editorials (September 19, October 5) urging clergy to teach "ethics" without endorsing candidates or "prescribing theology." Would this "clear" distinction have prevented Representatives Fauntroy and Robert Drinan from seeking office, since both of these clergymen presumably endorsed the other Democrats on their tickets? Or do the *Times* guidelines apply only to fundamentalists and Roman Catholics above the rank of bishop? Perhaps influenced by snobbery as well as constitutional doctrine, the newspaper obviously considers Catholics and evangelicals especially

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vulnerable to intimidation from the pulpit; it specifically criticized only Cardinal Medeiros and Falwell for making endorsements. Similarly, though unperturbed by Senator Hatfield's excommunication of obnoxious pastors, *The Times* chastized the Christian right for mobilizing references to "sin or divine revelation" against its opponents. Lacking a de jure established religion, the United States does possess a de facto establishment religion, a bland combination of theological liberalism and mild reform.

Continuing the pre-election pattern, commentary on the November 4 returns has generally envisioned a rosy future for right-wing politicians and preachers. Observers ranging from Senator Howard Baker to Anthony Lewis have pronounced the election a watershed, with Lewis reiterating that the Protestant right was the "most alarming phenomenon of the 1980 campaign." Falwell regards his brand of Christian activism as the "primary factor" in the conservative capture of the Senate. Also discovering a "conservative mandate," liberal Senator Paul Tsongas concludes that the New Deal "died" on November 4.

Moral Majority sympathizers probably had a decisive effect in some states (much as Gerald L. K. Smith's followers helped Senators Vandenberg and Robert A. Taft in close races two generations ago). But plans to transform Hyde Park into a parsonage should not proceed too quickly. Pundits and various "new" conservatives also wrote obituaries for the New Deal in 1938, 1946, 1952, 1968 and 1972. On those occasions, as in 1980, Democrats botched the economy, nominated a Presidential candidate widely regarded with suspicion, or both. As in 1980, they lost the White House, substantial representation in Congress, or both, because their traditional constituents, especially working-class Catholics, defected to the Republicans or declined to vote. These defections were not permanent. Rather, the Democrats rebounded in 1940, 1948, 1958, 1970 and 1976—still playing variations on "Happy Days Are Here Again." With some reorchestration, the melody might again accompany victories in 1982 or 1984. Even in states that have often elected right-wing Republicans, Senators Frank Church, Birch Bayh, John Durkin and George McGovern ran well ahead of the haphazard liberal at the head of their ticket.

If the meaning of the 1980 election remains open to different interpretations, why have liberals like Senator Tsongas so quickly accepted a conservative reading? A partial explanation is that liberalism is currently enduring its latest failure of nerve. These failures of nerve, like "new" conservatisms, occur at least once per generation, and the parallels are instructive. For example, when voters in the early 1950s defeated several prominent foes of Joseph McCarthy, most liberal Democrats exaggerated McCarthy's popularity at the polls and attempted to ride the tide by acquiescing in suppression at home and unwarranted military commitments abroad. Similarly, at least since the losses by Senators Dick Clark and Thomas McIntyre in 1978, most liberal Democrats have exaggerated the new right's electoral clout, and attempted to ride the tide by minimizing their commitment to the welfare state.

From this perspective, Carter has something in common with Harry Truman after all—not with the surprise victor of 1948, whom he had hoped to emulate, but with the unpopular retiree of 1953. Truman attacked McCarthy without understanding that his own apocalyptic rhetoric had prepared the way for McCarthyism. Carter attacked Reagan without understanding that he himself had legitimated Reagan's clichés about the menace of bureaucracy, unbalanced budgets and Washington insiders. For the left, riding the tide is poor politics as well as defective statesmanship because it allows conservatives to set the terms of national debate.

Meanwhile, the current phase of the perennial controversy over far-right fundamentalism will almost certainly persist. Falwell, who plans to push immediately for voluntary prayer in public schools as well as restrictions on abortion and pornography, also looks forward to raising $5 million for the 1982 elections. Two organizations recently created to oppose the Christian right, People for the American Way and Daniel Maguire's Moral Alternatives in Politics, plan to remain active. The left needs to face this issue with imagination and tolerance of unfamiliar cultural styles.

As in the days of Bryan or F.D.R., theological conservatives are not fated to be political conservatives. An appeal to poor evangelicals in particular might be effective if the left transcends the tradition of condescension that has thrived from Mencken through Daniel Bell to Anthony Lewis. At the same time, it needs to recognize that deeply held, often esoteric beliefs about "divine revelation" or "original sin" are not invariably masks for resentment or propaganda. During the early 1900s, members of the Churches of Christ in Oklahoma voted disproportionately for Eugene Debs. Perhaps Socialist organizers won a hearing because they addressed the issue of inequality without adding that the denominational rejection of instrumental music in services was symptomatic of status anxiety and threatening to the Bill of Rights. □

Bailing Out Bolivia's Junta

RAY BONNER

La Paz

"Suppressing the people was easy," said Ed Derksen, a successful international banker who has lived in Bolivia for many years, following the takeover by a junta of right-wing generals led by Gen. Luis Garcia Meza. "Now they have to find the money to run the place."

Finding the money is a life-or-death matter to the new dictatorship, whose brutally efficient coup was followed by arrests of thousands of politicians and priests, union leaders and reporters, workers, students and peasants. "This

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government cannot survive for more than six months without financial help," says Fernando Bedoya Ballivian, a wealthy banker and close adviser to Garcia Meza. Now Bolivia is desperately looking to private banks and international lending agencies for succor. And these financial institutions are finding that moral issues have become intertwined with the usual financial considerations, for their help can mean the survival of a regime that has become one of the worst human-rights violators in Latin America.

Not only was democracy expelled from Bolivia in the July coup but the economy was decimated. The toll taken by instability—four coups, three presidential elections and seven Presidents within the past two and a half years—has left the country paralyzed. Were Bolivia a private company rather than a sovereign nation, it would be declared bankrupt.

Foreign debt is $3.5 billion, a staggering burden for a country that is one of the most underdeveloped and poorest in all of Latin America. The infant mortality rate (157 per 1,000 live births) is the highest in the Western Hemisphere—more than twice the rate for Mexico and nearly six times Cuba's; life expectancy (48 years), the lowest. Illiteracy afflicts more than half the population, primarily the country's culturally rich but economically impoverished Quechua and Aymara Indians. And in a country more sprawling than California and Texas combined, there are less than 1,000 miles of paved roads. Making the payments on the foreign debt consumes 60 to 70 percent of Bolivia's stagnating export earnings. And the situation can only get worse.

Tin accounts for nearly half of the country's export earnings, but Bolivia's tin miners—most of them Indians, who earn no more than $3 a day and can only hope to live about seven years after going underground—are resisting the new Government. In the popular revolution of 1952, miners badly defeated the army. In recent years, they have fought for democracy with dynamite, rocks and rusty rifles left over from World War II. But their most potent weapon has been the refusal to work. It was no surprise, then, when the victorious junta took action to crush a miners' strike following their takeover. Bombing raids, a blockade of food supplies and brutal attacks that killed mostly women and children in bleak mining villages broke the strike. But there are reports that the miners are working only enough to keep the army of what they call "this fascist government" from slaughtering them. As a result, tin production has fallen an estimated 40 percent since the July coup.

Bolivia was one of the largest recipients of U.S. foreign aid in the world—approximately $200 million scheduled for 1980—but this was terminated when the military seized the Government. However, a considerable amount of Agency for International Development (A.I.D.) money is reportedly still flowing into Bolivia, primarily to complete projects begun before the coup. Ten private banks are also helping the generals. Led by the Bank of America, they have agreed to postpone payments due on a debt totaling $172 million and are renegotiating the terms of the loans.

The International Monetary Fund had a team in the country at the time of the junta takeover, and, according to Ed Derksen, I.M.F. representatives met with the generals the day after the coup: "before the blood was even dry," noted one disgusted Bolivian.

The I.M.F. had signed an $84 million standby agreement with the civilian Government, imposing the usual strict economic conditions. Some $50 million of this loan agreement had already been paid out before the July coup. In August, the I.M.F. gave the generals $17 million more, and it is currently considering the disbursement of the final installment of $17 million. In light of the general economic chaos since the coup, however, it is hard to believe that the loan conditions the I.M.F. usually imposes can be met by the junta. In order to disburse the final $17 million of the original $84 million, the I.M.F.'s executive board would therefore have to waive some or all of the conditions.

At the Inter-American Development Bank (I.D.B.), two project loans totaling $22.6 million have been authorized for Bolivia's military Government. "I am absolutely appalled that the United States acquiesced in the making of these loans, especially after the strong statement by [Secretary of State Edmund] Muskie" condemning the military takeover, said an angry I.D.B. officer. Interviews with several I.D.B. officials—U.S. and Latin American—who agreed to talk only with the understanding that their names not be used, revealed the following: Two loans—$16 million for natural gas exploration and $6.6 million for a pork manufacturing facility for small farmers—were approved, subject to the availability of funds when Bolivia had a constitutional Government.

The funds became available after the military takeover, but when the Bank's board of directors met to give what is usually pro forma approval, the U.S. representative Ralph Dungan skillfully shepherded through a resolution making the loans contingent on a finding that no substantial economic or financial changes that would adversely affect the projects had taken place. Dungan's action was consistent with the Administration's "unusually strong reaction" —in the words of several State Department officials—to the military takeover in Bolivia: recalling the U.S. Ambassador and the termination of all aid. Dungan's clause was seen as leverage with the generals, who desperately needed the I.D.B. loans.

While acknowledging that the tin mines were not even operating at the time and that political instability raised serious doubts about the country's general ability to repay any loans, Bank officers add that it might have been difficult for the United States to convince the requisite percentage of the Bank's voting members to withdraw the loans. But, says one I.D.B. official, "We were shocked when the United States did not even make an effort" to stop the $22.6 million in project loans. Officials in the Treasury Depart-

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Ray Bonner, a journalist who reports from Latin America for Newsweek, The Washington Post, The Wall Street Journal, *CBS Radio and others, was forced to leave Bolivia by the military Government.*

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ment, which supervises U.S. activity in the international lending organizations, had initially made a strong appeal that the loans be blocked, but had then fallen silent.

"It demonstrates the ambiguity and lack of discipline in U.S. foreign policy," said an angry I.D.B. officer who insisted his name not be used.

Bolivia's representative to the I.D.B., Rene Rios Morales, is reliably reported to have made a direct plea to the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury for International Monetary Affairs, Fred Bergston. Rios Morales, who cautiously but clearly supports Bolivia's current military rulers, who, he says, are acting in a "responsible way," refused to say whether he talked with Bergston. (Efforts to reach Bergston were unsuccessful.) And even though he invited this reporter to his office, Rios Morales responded to almost every question of what became a frustrating and necessarily truncated interview, with "I don't think it is proper for me to discuss these matters with you"—read from a note pad like the Fifth Amendment.

Had the United States successfully blocked the loans, there undoubtedly would have been charges of "political interference." The I.D.B. is supposed to consider only economic, not political, factors when making loans. But in the past the Bank's collective eyes have often strayed beyond the balance sheet to take note of a country's human-rights record.

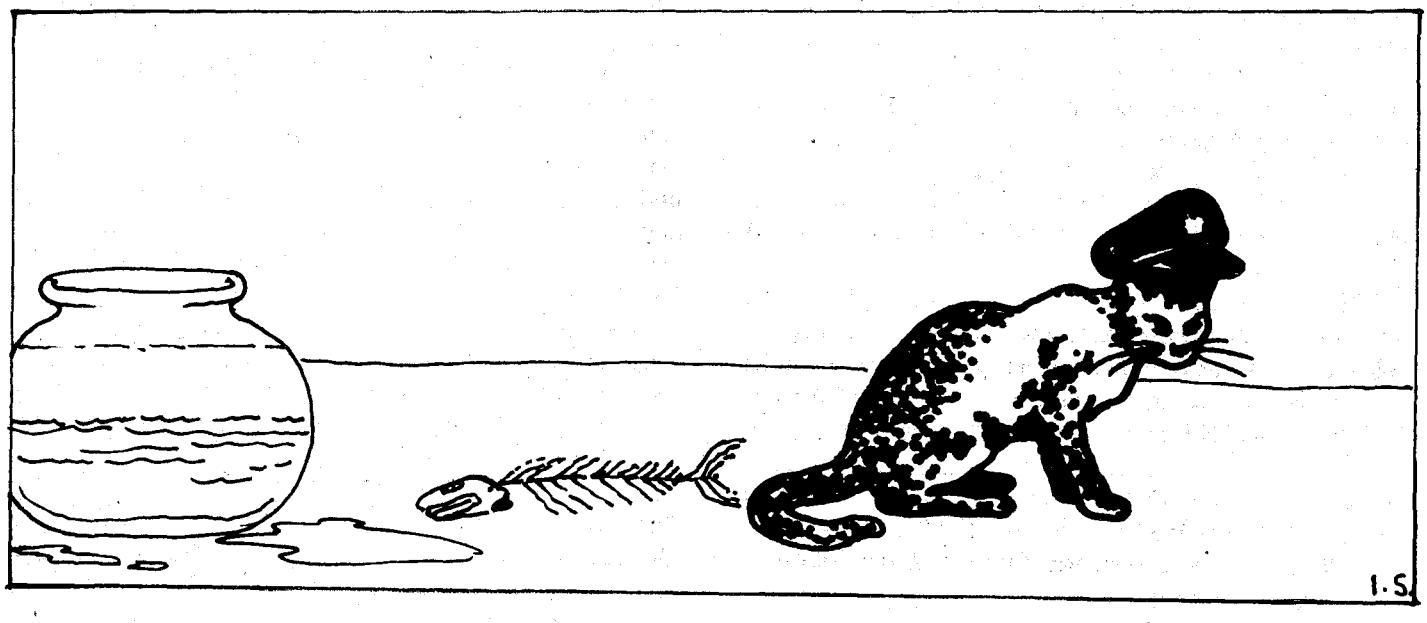
Over at the World Bank, Bolivians are lobbying to get the second half of a $50 million economic development loan, which had been granted before the coup. World Bank officials say they are looking "very, very closely" at this loan, and that the United States is insisting on strict compliance with all the economic requirements.

Finding economic reasons not to disburse the second half of the loan would be easy. The A.I.D. officer in Bolivia, Malcolm Butler, said in August that "the climate for development investment has deteriorated—it's pouring money down a rat hole." He added that "the military will get pay raises and hardware" out of any such loans, thus making "less money available for matching funds." As for the private sector, John Chamberlain, who spent several years in Bolivia and is now an international banker with Morgan Guaranty Trust Company, says that "Bolivia has been put on the maximum blacklist because of the *New York Times* article about the violence and human-rights violations. No business can get any credit."

The World Bank is not expected to disburse the $25 million unless the I.M.F. proceeds. If both assist General Garcia Meza's Government, international bankers say that private money will also begin flowing into Bolivia. For this reason, an unusually large delegation of more than thirty Bolivian businessmen, bankers and politicians journeyed to Washington to make appeals during the recent meetings of the World Bank and the I.M.F. They also met with New York bankers and even took out a half-page advertisement in *The Wall Street Journal*. Among other things, the ad claimed that "the new military government was able to take control of the country very quickly and with little bloodshed and in fact with hardly any domestic opposition," a statement that can be believed only by someone who was not there when tanks surrounded the university, combat troops occupied the union headquarters and paramilitary forces heavily armed with submachine guns roamed the streets in ambulances.

Many Bolivians believe that under a Reagan Presidency U.S. economic assistance will be restored. Bolivian military leaders reportedly met with a Reagan adviser, retired U.S. Army Gen. Daniel Graham, when he was in Argentina a few weeks before the coup. The Graham visit was reported in a major Bolivian newspaper under the headline, "Reagan Adviser Favors Military Regimes." According to the story, Graham praised the military regimes in Argentina, Chile, Paraguay and Uruguay, which are among the most repressive in the world.

"This economic blockade is bad for your country, too. Don't you understand that this country is fighting Communism, Castro and the Sandinistas?" said Bedoya several times during the course of an interview in his home in La Paz.



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But except for the military officers and their business backers who are passionately convinced that university students are Marxists and union members Communists, it is hard to find anyone in Bolivia who seriously believes the Communists have posed any threat to their country since the 1960s, when Ernesto (Che) Guevara and his small band of followers infiltrated the dense jungle. Bolivia's Communist parties are small and torn by internal dissension. They were unable to field a presidential candidate of their own in the recent elections, even though thirteen other parties—including two small peasant groups—were able to do so.

And Bolivia is one of the few Latin American countries that has been spared left-wing violence. Bankers and international executives jog and drive to work without fear of being kidnapped. "There probably isn't a Communist guerrilla in this entire country," says a senior U.S. military adviser stationed in Bolivia.

While waiting, hoping and lobbying for foreign assistance, Garcia Meza and his allies have another source of funds: cocaine. Bolivian drug enforcement officials and U.S. Embassy personnel estimate that the illegal cocaine trade brings $600 million a year into the country—considerably more than tin. According to a recent report in *The Los Angeles Times*, a briefcase containing more than $1 million in U.S. currency was given to Garcia Meza just before the coup. The money reportedly came directly from the cocaine trade. And a diplomatic source reports that after the coup, six leading cocaine traffickers visited the General with an offer of $70 million to $100 million in financial assistance. José Guillermo Torrez, a prominent Bolivian businessman with close ties to Garcia Meza, has even proposed that the Government legalize the cocaine trade in order to generate more revenues.

"Your country must help us," pleaded a woman in front of the iron gates of Bolivia's largest textile factory. "If the United States gives any aid to this military government, it will be worse here than in Chile or Argentina," said a resistance leader a few days after the coup. "But if your country and others continue to refuse to recognize or help this government, then the Bolivian people will continue to fight."

With virtually all internal opposition ruthlessly and effectively crushed, an international economic boycott appears to be the only hope for toppling Latin America's newest right-wing dictatorship. □

Wage-Price

(Continued From Front Cover)

Alfred Kahn, Stuart Eizenstat, senior White House and Cabinet officials and with Carter himself. They understood the coalition's reasoning, but they contended that the approach would be politically unrealistic. And so they chose instead to present a confusing series of "anti-inflation" plans that were designed to make Carter look as fiscally conservative as the Republicans rather than attack the real inflationary problems.

This election tested the issue of political realism, and it showed that conventional policies could not compete with the authentically conservative rhetoric of Ronald Reagan. But Carter's real problem was that as an incumbent President he not only needed an inflation program that was understandable, he needed one that *worked*. Reagan will now face the same inflationary dragons—armed only with anti-government bromides.

Lost in the superficial election-year clash of symbols, however, was the important, if halting, change in opinion on the inflation issue that began in 1980—a movement away from the slow-going, failed policies of the past toward a growing recognition that something more powerful is needed. A prominent signal of this shift came last February when Barry Bosworth, who had left the Administration to return to the Brookings Institution, called for the abandonment of the gradualist tactics he had helped design while a member of the Carter team and the implementation of wage-price-profit controls. His about-face was soon emulated by Brookings Institution president (and former Minneapolis Federal Reserve Bank chief) Bruce MacLaury. Otto Eckstein, a member of the Council of Economic Advisers in the Johnson Administration, testified about the same time that mandatory controls now "deserve a serious look." And as the C.P.I. hit an annualized rate of 18.2 percent during the last week in February (and the prime rate broke 20 percent), House Banking Committee chairman Henry Reuss, *Business Week* and Henry Kaufman, chief economist for Salomon Brothers, all joined, in one way or another, the call for controls. Kaufman, a leading conservative financial oracle, said it was time for the President to declare a "national economic emergency."

Liberal economists John Kenneth Galbraith, Robert Lekachman and James Tobin, of course, have been urging controls for some time, and the A.F.L.-C.I.O. has been calling for an equitable plan since October 1978. But the new shift in opinion reflected an erosion of the consensus among economists who had supported the Carter Administration's policies. They had been forced to acknowledge that budget-cutting, tight money and, as a last resort, induced recession did not work. As Bosworth put it, only a major recession in which the jobless rate would rise to 10 percent or more could curb runaway prices. He urged instead that virtually every source of income—wages, prices, profits and rents—be held to an annual increase of 5 to 6 percent.

Certainly a new urgency has been injected into the inflation debate. Despite a temporary abatement in price increases, inflation rose to an annual rate of 12.7 percent in September. The Middle West drought, the Middle East war and rising interest rates promise even higher food, energy and housing prices in the months to come. When longer-

Gar Alperovitz and Jeff Faux are co-directors of the National Center for Economic Alternatives, which is developing proposals for restructuring the U.S. economy. Their forthcoming book, Rebuilding America, *will be published by Simon & Schuster in 1981.*

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term inflation resumes, the calls for bolder measures are likely to be heard again. The slow shift in professional opinion is, in fact, playing catch-up with the public. Despite a steady drumbeat of ideological argument against Government intervention, the public has long sensed that something dramatic like controls is the only way to halt the extraordinary costs and personal pain of double-digit inflation. What the polls documented is that the people believe what the late Arthur Okun, former chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, called "muddle-through" conventional economic strategy has failed. Despite the tremendous outpouring of anti-inflation rhetoric, most analyses upon which these "policies" were based have been deficient because they dealt with generalized inflation. The popular prescriptions for this kind of inflation include balanced Federal budgets, tight money and holding down wages across the board.

Actually, inflation in the 1970s has not been primarily of the generalized kind. Most of our recent inflation has been extremely concentrated in a few key sectors of the economy. Final figures for 1979, for instance, show that virtually all the increase in the inflation rate last year (as compared to 1978) was caused by increasing prices, broadly speaking, of the "basic necessities"—food, housing, energy and medical care. The combined rate for these items was 10.8 percent in 1978. Last year it skyrocketed to 17.6 percent.

Meanwhile, for everything else measured by the C.P.I.—what can loosely be termed the nonnecessities—the inflation rate changed only from 6.5 percent to 6.8 percent. In 1976, when President Carter was elected, necessities inflation stood at 3.7 percent. In 1977 it rose to 8.3 percent. The escalation continued, reaching 10.8 percent in 1978 and 17.6 percent in 1979. Yet, during the same four-year period, the nonnecessities remained in the 6.5 to 7 percent range, except for 1977, when they were 4.7 percent.

The unusual concentration of inflation began in 1973-74 when major upward "jolts" in food and energy prices hit the United States. Both were symptomatic of a new era in which world markets for these commodities are becoming increasingly tight. The quadrupling of crude oil prices by the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries resulted in a 44 percent increase in U.S. energy prices in 1973-74. At the same time, simultaneous poor harvests in several areas of the world (especially in the Soviet Union) led to heavy demands on U.S. grain supplies. Because the United States—unlike virtually every other major industrialized country—did not have a policy of insulating the domestic food economy from the effects of short-term world shortages, U.S. food prices rose 35 percent in the same 1973-74 period. These two jolts in the energy and food sectors were largely responsible for the generally inflationary price-wage spiral during the rest of the decade. As the Council of Economic Advisers put it:

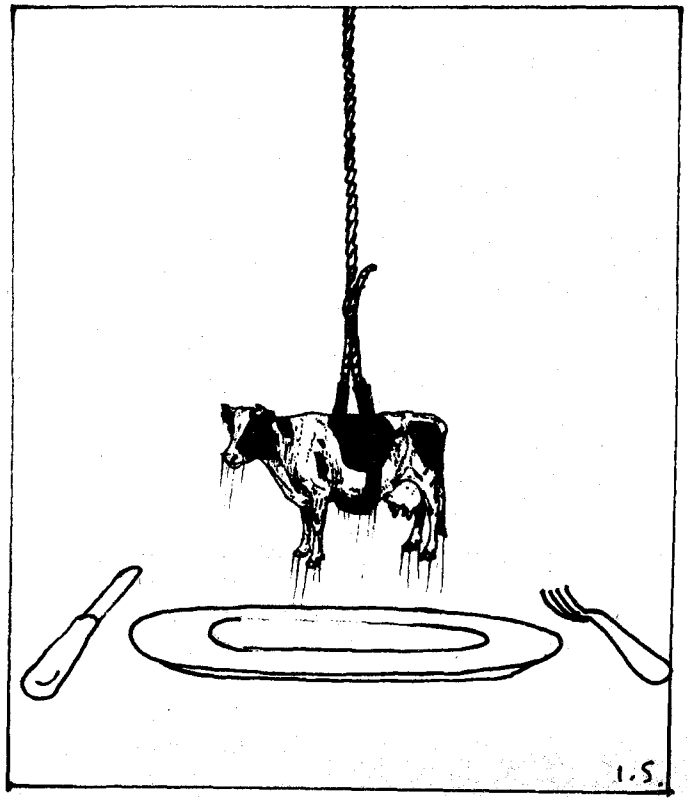
> The dominant influence was the rise in fuel and food prices. Its force was not limited to direct effects. The pass-through of cost increases into other prices broadened the inflation, and the rise in consumer prices led to efforts by wage earners to recover lost real income.

In the past two years, energy and food prices have continued to be major contributors to inflation. Energy rose 37.4 percent in 1979 alone, and food prices rose 23 percent in 1978-79. Over the last six years the annual inflation rate for medical care has averaged 10 percent, and has never dropped below 8.8 percent. Housing costs rose 17.4 percent in 1979.

Much current economic thinking has tended to view inflation in the key sectors as a temporary aberration. Wage earners are supposed to absorb the price increases without wage raises, and then the economy will resume its normal path. This is the meaning of Alfred Kahn's repeated argument that although "the desire to keep pace by catch-up increases is certainly understandable . . . unfortunately it is not possible." Federal Reserve Board chairman Paul Volcker has put the case more bluntly: "The standard of living of the average American has to decline."

But the question is how much more declining real income can Americans stand? Necessities account for 60 to 70 percent of the spending of four out of five families; they are 90 percent for the lowest 30 percent of society and even more for the poor (who must go constantly in debt to pay for groceries and the rent). Real spendable earnings declined more than 5 percent last year. There may be some modest fat in family budgets, but it is both politically and economically absurd and morally unconscionable to expect family budgets to absorb all of the massive inflation rate for basic necessities—a rate which in 1979 was greater than twice the average wage increases of 8 to 9 percent. This, however, has been precisely the premise of most of the Carter Administration's anti-inflation strategy.

Wage and price controls are thus likely to be necessary because everything else has failed. Not only is it becoming



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impossible to squeeze family budgets much further but cutting the Federal budget will do nothing about food or fuel prices; and tightening the money supply increases, rather than decreases, business costs and monthly mortgage payments. It also increases the long-term inflationary problems in housing by reducing the investment necessary to build more houses. Moreover, in energy the Carter Administration has deliberately pursued a pro-inflation policy through price decontrol. Its weak hospital cost-containment proposals and support for a slight expansion of assistance to health maintenance organizations were its only serious attempts to curb inflation in one of the basic-necessity sectors, but the approach has been halfhearted and, more important, counteracted by support for the catastrophic-illness-only health insurance plan, which is inflationary.

In the absence of programs aimed at countering inflation in each of the necessity sectors, basic living-cost increases inevitably "spill over" into higher wage demands, which in turn cause higher prices. Only a deep recession will prevent the spill from becoming a massive tidal wave of price hikes.

Will wage-price controls work? The answer is that they undoubtedly *can* work to some degree. They could break or moderate the inflation psychology and, politically speaking, they respond to the popular demands for a more powerful initiative. But the experience with controls during the Nixon Administration is sometimes cited as evidence that they must necessarily fail. Experts disagree on precisely how much of the reduced inflation during this period was attributable to controls, but it is clear that an inability to deal with unique food and energy problems undermined much of the effort. Most agree that in the Truman era controls were more successful. Conservatives, however, never tire of arguing that once the lid is taken off we will inevitably see another explosion of prices. They are right. Unless, that is, the underlying causes of inflation in each sector are dealt with.

The difficulties in the basic-necessity sectors are not aberrations but are structural and long-term. Can anyone believe that energy prices will go anywhere but up during the 1980s, now that the President has decided to allow domestic energy prices to chase OPEC prices? The same holds true for food. As population and agricultural expert Lester Brown points out, the growing gap between world food demand and supply promises "future food-price rises that may dwarf those of the recent past." We can also look forward to spiraling health-care costs as the population ages and as medical science develops expansive new wonder technologies without the check of hard cost-benefit analysis, as is the case under the present system. By driving interest rates high enough, we may succeed in making it impossible for young couples to own a home, but how will we prevent the rent increases that will result (people have to live somewhere) from forcing poor people out of theirs?

Only if the problems in each sector are dealt with do we have a chance of undercutting the price part of the price-wage cycle in the 1980s. In health care we need tough hospital cost-containment legislation and limits on physicians' fees. But again, controls alone do not deal with the fundamental dynamics of the system; limits on hospital spending could lead to rationing of care—and medical professionals can increase the quantity of services to compensate for limits on individual fees. We need to change the wasteful incentives of the fee-for-service system and the financial irrationalities of third-party insurance programs in which virtually any cost is easily passed on to the consumer or the government. This requires an expansion of prepaid health-care and health-maintenance organizations employing salaried professionals. We also need to devote far more of our national health resources to health education and other public and occupational health measures.

In the area of housing, the supply must be expanded to bring it into line with growing demand. Current tight-money strategies only dampen short-term speculation and run contrary to the more fundamental problem: We are now in the midst of a massive surge in new household formations as the children of the postwar baby boom have become the family boom, and as more people (divorced people, young people and the elderly) are living alone. In the 1980s, we will need a phased program of expanded supply that allocates credit and investment to the housing sector (steering it especially toward low- and moderate-income housing investment). Priority will have to be given to rehabilitation of the existing housing stock in urban areas. And additional construction of public housing will be necessary. It is virtually impossible to impose controls on the selling prices of homes and condominiums, and unless we directly undertake a considerable expansion of the basic housing supply, rent controls alone may hasten the loss of available shelter for low- and moderate-income persons.

As for energy, we can no longer afford the tremendous inflationary cost of price decontrols. Nor can the American people be expected to follow OPEC to any price level the Arab sheiks demand in the 1980s. Will we accept $50 a barrel? $60? $75? The recent Canadian election showed strong public resistance to ever-rising energy prices. At some point, the American public will also probably draw the line.

This would mean reimposition of controls to keep domestic prices below the world cartel price. In fact, recontrol is probably inevitable in the future; the real question is whether it comes as part of a coordinated policy, or helter-skelter when costs become absolutely intolerable. Once this principle is recognized, it is clear that direct measures to achieve energy conservation are vital. These include gasoline rationing, automobile mileage standards and more meaningful solar, gasohol, insulation and weatherization programs. Getting people out of their cars and onto an expanded system of mass transit and passenger railroads will also reduce our need for Middle East oil—and probably provide the United States with far more national security than putting money into carriers for MX missiles. There are also opportunities for developing non-OPEC sources of supply abroad. The elements of a coherent program that both stabilizes at least basic energy prices (home-heating oil, drive-to-work gasoline, etc.) and achieves *direct* conserva-

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tion have been offered by numerous experts. They could be part of an overall strategy that does not put anti-inflation and energy policy at loggerheads.

The obstacles to solving our underlying food inflation problems are again more political than economic. Here we do not have a shortage as we do in energy. The United States is the richest agricultural nation in the history of the world, exporting more than half its production of key grains. As already mentioned, a fundamental problem stems from our failure to insulate domestic markets from short-term world shortages. During the last period of wage-price controls we foolishly placed controls on beef at the same time we allowed feed prices to explode—an extremely shortsighted policy that contributed ultimately to much of the beef-led food inflation even in 1978-79. A system of export management could stabilize domestic grain prices and thereby also reduce fluctuations in meat supplies. International agreements on grain reserves must also be pursued. For the decade of the 1980s as a whole, it would not be difficult to sketch the outlines of a modern version of former Secretary of Agriculture Charles Brannon's plan for replacing price supports that would put both ceilings and floors on farm prices and use expanded deficiency payments to maintain adequate farm income levels. The main question is shaping a new political consensus on food policies. The economic and moral priority of the "necessities of life" could set a context in which many specific political difficulties might be overcome. Over the longer run, some basic restructuring to eliminate the wastes of excessive concentration in the processing and marketing sectors will be needed, but strictly enforced controls on wages, prices and profits would eliminate much of the home-grown inflation.

To be sure, there will inevitably be inefficiencies with wage and price controls, but they are minuscule when measured against the extraordinary costs of induced recession, which is the last resort of the muddle-through strategy. Arthur Okun estimated that $200 billion of real gross national product is lost for each percentage point decrease in the underlying inflation rate achieved by deliberate slow-growth policies.

The collapse of the Carter Administration's economic policies in the 1970s teaches us that some form of planning will obviously be needed if inflation is to be controlled over the 1980s. Planning, however, has been a dirty word in the language of American economics. Instead, we prefer doing nothing—allowing problems to pile up—and then hastily adopting crisis solutions like *unplanned* wage and price controls. Government intervention is the likely result of the process in either event, and once this is understood, *the* central issue facing the economy in the coming decade moves sharply into focus—productivity. U.S. manufacturing productivity growth in the period from 1967 through 1978 was the lowest of eleven industrial nations—trailing even Britain. Our productivity rates turned negative during 1979. If this performance is repeated in the next decade, the very heart of our industrial economy will be threatened while Japan, Germany and other major competitors race forward.

It is precisely at this point that popular remedies for inflation are most at odds with the realities of the 1980s. Tightening the monetary screws another turn and creating 20 percent interest rates for working capital is a prescription for economic suicide, especially for the innovative small-business sector. Broad-brush "fiscal restraint" weakens a strategy of careful expansion and does not deal with the real causes of inflation. (The Congressional Budget Office calculated last year that all of the Carter budget cuts together would do no more than take one-tenth of 1 percent off a 13 percent inflation rate.) Finally, viewed in the larger perspective of the basic-necessities inflation of the 1980s, generalized calls for tax reduction can create large budget deficits while contributing little to a strategy of planned growth.

The "supply-side economics" now in vogue means little more than across-the-board tax breaks to business in the hope that this will help increase productivity. But the Congressional General Accounting Office, assessing the impact of investment tax credits granted in 1978, found they had very little effect on actual investment decisions, while draining away potential tax revenues which would reach $19 billion this fiscal year. Most executives make large investment decisions because of confidence in a future market, not because of tax breaks. Supply-side economics *is* necessary, but it should be carefully targeted to the problem sectors—and integrated into an overall plan that will generate growth in consumer spending. To achieve this we will have to make long-term commitments to invest in ways that simultaneously deal with such problem areas of inflation as housing construction, conservation, renewable energy development and transit and railroad revitalization.

Under the umbrella of wage and price controls, the job creation involved in a coherent, targeted program of this kind could become the basis of a committed economic strategy for the 1980s that will also deal with the economic needs of American communities. To resume productivity growth in the uncertain world of the 1980s also requires a strategy that is equitable to all the key players. No consensus on broad economic issues can be achieved without a workable incomes policy. Organized labor has demonstrated considerable moderation in its wage demands in light of the rate of nonwage-based inflation. Various proposals for tax relief as part of an anti-inflation wage package could help solve some problems of transition caused by the failures of the 1970s. But a long-term consensus involving wage moderation will hold only if the special problems of the sectors most important to the average family budget are resolved. The A.F.L.-C.I.O., in fact, has consistently declared its willingness to compromise on key points if food, housing, energy and health-care issues are dealt with.

As we enter the Reagan era, one thing is certain: his conventional anti-inflation policies promise even less success than Carter's. Their inherent weakness will be exacerbated by inflationary tax cuts and expanded military spending. At some point, as the economic pain deepens, the public is likely to realize that its vote against Carter's policies did not

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change the basic economic realities. Bold measures, fashioned around a new strategy of attack directed at the basic-necessity sectors, could break both the economic and political logjams when the day of reckoning arrives. □

EXCHANGE.

(Continued From Page 562)

strategic command. There is nothing comparable in Israel or the United States with the fact that one-third of all Jews in the U.S.S.R. hold jobs requiring college educations. The percentage of Jews who are musicians, artists, scientists, engineers, educators is two, three and four times greater than in the rest of the population. Although there are fewer Jews in the U.S.S.R. than in Israel, in 1976 there were 67,000 Jews in Soviet colleges (free education) compared with 48,000 in Israel. And the proportion of Jews who are members of the Communist Party in the U.S.S.R. is twice as great as in the non-Jewish population.

Could that be the meaning of Dennis's slurring insinuation about "good" Jews, who become "assimilated, Russianized"? That those who are not "good" are simply good in her terms —i.e., dissidents, opponents of the Government—and suffer by having gestures made about the shape of their noses?

Dennis knows this is not true. As she herself states, there are no ghettos, no pogroms (no equivalents of the Ku Klux Klan and the American Nazi Party). She also knows there's profit in anti-Sovietism for Jew and non-Jew alike. But how many of them, like Solzhenitsyn, profit in millions from their renegation, seek escape from the "prison," come to the "Land of Freedom," buy a million-dollar estate in Vermont, surround it with an eight-foot electrified steel fence and find freedom in their own, self-created Gulag?

Dennis cannot hide her new-found anti-Communism in the disguise of a pious born-again Jew. *Lester Cole*

DENNIS REPLIES

Berkeley, Calif.

Lester Cole uses my article as a launching pad to define his views on the whole complex subject of the Jewish question in the Soviet Union. His is a simplistic potpourri of personal assertions, half-truths, partial data and semi-history. He invokes too, in passing, dissidents, emigration, Solzhenitsyn, the Gulag, etc. Not only does each of these themes demand more serious and full treatment than is possible here but none of these have any relevancy to my original article.

Cole erroneously attributes to me what he himself so inadequately attempts to do, namely, "an authentic examination of anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union." Actually, of course, my article does not and was not intended to endeavor such an ambitious undertaking. It is a personal, if highly political, retrospective vignette about the specific circumstances in my life—of one who was born into the revolutionary movement and spent fifty years as a Communist Party activist—which at times blurred my self-identity as a Jew and at other times stirred in me an assertiveness toward that identity.

Old-Left Sectarianism

Cole's put-down of my sharing those experiences with my readers as being that of "a pious born-again Jew" reveals only a typical old-left unreconstructed sectarianism. One, he cannot countenance in the 1980s any more than we in the Communist Party ever could countenance the integration of the human, personal experience with the political reality. Two, the letters, phone calls and personal exchanges evoked from both many old-time radicals and young radicals from the 1960s and 1970s reveal that my article touched a chord of common experience and, yes, confusion regarding their own political-ethnic identity as Jews.

Again typical of that old-left sectarianism, Cole reduces my article to only that one aspect that describes my experiences in the Soviet Union. Here, too, he is quite blinkered.

Cole relates at length conversations he had in Moscow. He ignores the significant difference between these and those I relate. The anti-Semitic expressions I personally heard came from Soviet-educated party ideologists and political cadres. The anti-Semitic incidents related to me were told by lifetime Comintern Communists. The street encounter was experienced by me. Anti-Semitic articles and books *are* being published by censor-approved Soviet journals and publishing houses.

In labeling me "anti-Communist," Cole places me in the good company of the Communist parties of Italy, Britain, Spain, Australia, France et al. Each has on various occasions officially protested anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union. Cole's invocation of the epithet "anti-Communist"—a time-worn evasion of the need to deal with facts and ideas, dialogue and debate—is on a par with his invocation of the cold-war threat as a means to gag independent critical thought on the left, especially vis-à-vis the Soviet Union. This is an old ploy which has had disastrous effect, as we who have lived through the Communist experience for the last fifty years well know.

The cold-war menace was real in the early years. It was the core of the costly 1950s McCarthyism. It is real today. But within the Communist movement the cold-war threat became the rationale for a noncritical acquiescence in more than a quarter-century of Stalin's crimes and a blind allegiance that ignored factual reality.

In any case, the Soviet Union is no longer the very new, young, devastated, underdeveloped socialist state of long ago. Today it confronts all would-be adversaries as a 63-year-old giant industrial power with a conventional military and nuclear capacity second to none. Today it is no longer "Defense of the Soviet Union" as in the early years but sheer self-preservation here at home that should impel a groundswell of opposition to the dangerous U.S. cold-war machinations and to the consequent effects on our lives here.

To the extent that the cold warriors are able to capitalize on every violation of socialism in practice within the Soviet Union in order to whip up the anti-Sovietism they need to bolster the cold war, to that extent the concern of the independent left should intensify. This concern is motivated, too, precisely by our commitment to the high expectations we have for socialism in practice.

However, as I indicated, none of these subjects have anything to do with my original article, notwithstanding Cole's attempts to use that article as a springboard for something quite different from what it is. *Peggy Dennis*

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

'The Story of Women'?

SUSAN JACOBY

WOMEN WHO KILL. *By Ann Jones. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 408 pp. $15.95.*

THE BURNING BED. *By Faith McNulty. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. 275 pp. $12.95.*

Streams of the sacred rivers flow uphill;
Tradition, order, all things are reversed.

These lines from *Medea* would make a fitting epigraph for any study of women who kill. Much of the fascination that has adhered to murderous women throughout history can be attributed to a sense that female violence is not simply criminal but a violation of what Catholic theology would classify as natural law. The sense of a disturbed order, of a world gone literally mad, is particularly acute when a woman's violence is directed against a child, a husband, a parent—those presumed to exert the most intimate and tender claims upon "feminine nature."

Ann Jones's voluminous inquiry into the dual question of why women commit murder and how society views their crimes is one of the few books that truly deserves the publicity blurb "pioneering." Jones's work extends from the early colonial period of American history, when a number of women were tried, convicted and hung for smothering their illegitimate infants, to the 1970s, when considerable public attention focused on battered wives who killed their husbands. This is the first serious effort to examine the phenomenon of female violence from a feminist perspective, and the book's ideological bent is at once its greatest strength and its most obvious weakness.

Feminist scholars sometimes feel they are unique in the resistance they arouse, but there is a general tendency—especially in academia—to look askance upon all first attempts to apply new ideological tools to old historical questions (as in academic criticism of the early attempts by American historians to apply a Marxist analysis to slavery).

Like Susan Brownmiller in *Against Our Will: Men, Women and Rape*, Jones opens up issues that have been largely ignored by male historians and criminologists. Three of these issues, it seems to me, are crucial to any understanding of female violence: the fact that whole categories of acts involving sexual behavior and resistance to familial authority have been considered criminal for women but not for men; the interaction of sex and class prejudices in the criminal justice system, and the undeniable connection between public concern about female violence and feminist agitation for improvements in the status of women.

Unfortunately, Jones has tried to stretch feminist ideology to cover just about every conceivable form of homicide committed by women—and it just won't reach. The cruel indifference of male justice toward female suffering may indeed be a link between the seventeenth-century servant girls who killed their illegitimate infants to avoid stripes and further servitude and the horribly battered wives who have been tried in recent years for finally turning on and killing their violent husbands. But neither of these groups of women has much in common with Belle Gunness, who dispatched dozens of men for profit, or with women who planned murders of revenge through the careful use of poison.

Jones goes overboard from the first page of her introduction, when she tells the reader that "unlike men, who are apt to stab a total stranger in a drunken brawl or run amok with a high-powered rifle, we women usually kill our intimates: we kill our children, our husbands, our lovers." And, flatly: "The story of women who kill is the story of women."

I feel obliged at this point to register one more lament for the days when editors really edited manuscripts. Someone should certainly have tried to convince Ann Jones of the enormous usefulness of modifiers. When she says that "The story of women who kill is the story of women," I assume she means that the rare instances of murder by women reveal the rage that may be masked by conventional feminine submissiveness.

The revisionist historian has more reason than most scholars to beware of semantic carelessness. Such carelessness offers hostile traditionalists a perfect excuse for avoiding the substantive issues the revisionist is trying to raise. Jones has done herself a real disservice with her penchant for exaggerated generalization because much of her work displays a capacity for first-rate original thinking.

She is at her best in dealing with the complex interaction of attitudes about sex and class in the treatment of female murderers by male authorities. In the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, all of the Colonies felt it necessary to pass special laws against the murder of illegitimate infants. The most frequent cases of infanticide seem to have involved white and black indentured servants who were penalized with beatings and additional years of involuntary servitude for giving birth to a bastard child. Men, of course, suffered no serious penalties for fathering a bastard.

In Virginia, many men took advantage of the law by raping their female servants; if a child was born, the master was rewarded by additional years of the servant's work. This practice was so widespread that the law was changed to specify that a servant who bore a child by her master would be sold to a third party for an indentured term, with the proceeds going to the parish rather than the original owner.

The interaction of sex and class in societal responses to female violence was considerably more complicated when the accused was of the "wrong" sex but the "right" class. The Lizzie Borden case, tried in the last decade of the nineteenth century, offers an excellent example of the cultural confusion that ensued when a "lady" was accused not only of murder but of patricide—committed with an ax in a gruesomely unfeminine manner.

The differential standards of femininity applied to women of the upper and lower classes were a prominent feature of late Victorian culture. It was a time when the physical constitution of ladies was thought to be so delicate that it might be irreparably damaged by physical exercise in the open air or mental exercise in a university classroom—but a

Susan Jacoby's most recent book, The Possible She, *was published in paperback last month by Ballantine.*

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proposal that domestic servants should be allowed to sleep later than 5 A.M. was a subject for scorn in ladies' magazines.

Cesare Lombroso, an Italian scientist who helped establish criminology as a specialty, produced a work on female offenders in 1893 that found women criminals to be distinguished from other women by their heavy jawbones, swarthy complexions and their generally manlike appearance. (His conclusions bore a startling resemblance to the findings of American pseudoscientists about the criminal physiology of the Jewish, southern Italian and Slavic immigrants who were pounding on the Golden Door.)

The criminology of Lizzie Borden's day was deeply concerned with separating good women from bad women—but Lizzie fit all the stereotypes of a good woman. The daughter of a wealthy businessman, she lived an outward life of the utmost propriety and dullness. Lizzie's defense, as Jones points out, was based in large measure on the notion that it was simply unthinkable for a well-raised young lady to muster sufficient rage—out of whatever motive—to kill her father and stepmother.

On the Sunday after the murder, Lizzie's minister asked from the pulpit: "Where is the motive? When men resort to crime it is for plunder, for gain, from enmity, in sudden anger or for revenge. Strangely, nothing of this nature enters into this case, and again I ask—what was the motive?" The fact that Lizzie stood to inherit more than $125,000 from her father's estate was not considered motive enough, since ladies were not supposed to be concerned about money.

A final, marvelous detail concerns the prosecution's agreement not to press any inquiries about Lizzie's disposal of bloody garments under highly suspicious circumstances. Why? Lizzie's menstrual period had supposedly ended the day before the murder, and the question of whose blood was on what garments was simply too embarrassing to pursue in open court. "Because she was a woman, Lizzie Borden was used to disposing of bloody cloths," Jones notes, "but because she was a lady, it could not be discussed."

Class prejudices do not seem to play a decisive role in the response to the female violence that appears most frequently in the news today—the cases of battered wives who kill their husbands. A discussion of battered wives makes up the long concluding section of the book, and this is where—in my opinion—Jones replaces revisionist intellectual history with an ideological soapbox. Many battered wives, after a long course of instruction in husbandly violence, have come to believe that their husbands are all-powerful, and will follow them wherever they go—that any attempt to escape is doomed to failure. The existence of this psychological state of "learned helplessness" is undeniable—but that does not mean the subjective perception and the objective reality are identical.

The widely publicized case of Francine Hughes, a Michigan woman who was acquitted on grounds of temporary insanity after she set fire to her sleeping husband, is mentioned by Jones and examined in detail by Faith McNulty in *The Burning Bed*. McNulty, formerly a writer for *The New Yorker*, is no less sympathetic than Jones to Francine Hughes but her portrait is more enlightening—even more persuasive—because she steps back and lets the participants speak for themselves. The tabula rasa style of journalism favored by *New Yorker* editors can be aggravating, but it is extremely effective in describing something so emotionally charged as Francine Hughes's ordeal. A writer's response would only get in the way when Hughes describes her feelings on the day she set fire to her house and her husband—after he had beaten her for the thousandth time, shoved her face in the food she was preparing, burned her business-school textbooks and forced her to have intercourse with him.

> Mickey said, "You dumb, motherfucking whore, do you still think you're gonna go to school?"
>
> I felt my heart spin and my spirit break. I said, "No, Mickey. I'm not gonna go to school." I'd lost. I was beaten, defeated, broken. He said, "Say it three times, whore!"
>
> I said, "I'm not gonna . . . I'm not gonna . . . I'm not gonna . . ." I was sobbing and couldn't finish.

A few hours later, when her husband was asleep in a drunken stupor, Hughes poured gasoline around the bed and set the house ablaze.

But there was also a pathological submissiveness at work in Francine Hughes. As she made clear in her testimony at the trial and her conversations with McNulty, she had almost escaped Mickey Hughes and had been drawn back into his life through a misguided sense of compassion, or responsibility, or love. He was, in fact, her ex-husband; she had divorced him and established a life of her own, but she took him back into her home after he was badly injured in an automobile accident. To mention these facts is not to shift initial blame from the husband to the wife; it is simply to point out that the subjective decisions that led Francine Hughes to the burning bed were not necessarily a reflection of her objective alternatives.

Jones expresses annoyance with Hughes's lawyer for pleading temporary insanity instead of self-defense. She observes that "the notion of the 'preventative strike' so widely used in international conflicts seems unsporting and downright cowardly when applied to a battered woman who sneaks up on a man. Thus Hughes's attorney, taking no chances, hedged on the self-defense principle so clear to feminists and argued instead, much like the attorneys of seduced-and-abandoned maidens a century ago, that the woman was temporarily insane. . . . For feminists it was a hollow victory."

Many people do not find the "preventative strike" a particularly comforting answer to international conflicts, and the idea of applying the notion to individual murder cases is downright chilling. The victim—whether a nation or an individual—won't be around to let the jury know whether the preventative strike was justified.

Francine Hughes can be grateful that Ann Jones was not her lawyer. Although the common-law definition of self-defense might logically be stretched to acquit a woman who killed a man with a knife or a gun when he was attacking her with his fists, it could hardly accommodate an attack upon a sleeping man—however loathsome and violent the man had proven himself in the past. If Francine Hughes's lawyer had pleaded self-defense, the jury—a jury that was clearly shocked by her long torment—would undoubtedly have been forced to convict her. Resorting to the

TRILLIN ON TOUR

Calvin Trillin is out beating the bushes on behalf of his new novel, *Floater*, so *Variations* does not appear this week. Watch for him at your neighborhood shopping mall.

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temporary insanity defense is not the product of a male chauvinist conspiracy but a device juries use when enforcing the letter of the law would violate their ideas of moral justice.

Jones correctly points out that the press has exaggerated the extent to which juries are willing to "go easy" on battered wives who respond to their husbands with violence. At the same time that some women, like Francine, have been freed, other women have been convicted or sent to mental institutions. Nevertheless, there has been a significant shift in public perceptions of what constitutes justice for a woman who has long been subject to the abuse of male power.

Both Ann Jones and Faith McNulty have produced books that may, in time, deprive Medea's words of their awful contemporary resonance:

> Let no one think me a weak one, feeble-spirited,
> A stay-at-home, but rather just the opposite,
> One who can hurt my enemies and help my friends;
> For the lives of such persons are most remembered. □

Resurrecting Reconstruction

BARBARA J. FIELDS

NEW MASTERS: NORTHERN PLANTERS DURING THE CIVIL WAR AND RECONSTRUCTION. *By Lawrence N. Powell. Yale University Press. 304 pp. $15.*

RECONSTRUCTION AND REDEMPTION IN THE SOUTH. *Edited by Otto H. Olsen. Louisiana State University Press. 288 pp. $17.50.*

RETREAT FROM RECONSTRUCTION, 1869-1879. *By William Gillette. Louisiana State University Press. 512 pp. $27.50.*

Most general readers have little occasion to notice the work of historians, who tend to write mainly for one another. But what historians write about (with the exception of the pure pedants, regrettably increasing in numbers and militance) is everybody's business. And so from time to time the public listens in. A few years ago that happened to historians of slavery. The élan of the civil rights movement contributed to an explosion in studies of U.S. slavery, an explosion that produced its share of classics and led to the rediscovery of some that had fallen unjustifiably into neglect. The same élan produced an unprecedented general audience for historical work on slavery, and the combination of a few brilliant writers, a good many talented ones and some successful novelty-hunters brought a variety of scholarly work before an unaccustomed public.

Something similar may be about to happen to historians of Reconstruction. That it has not already happened is certainly not due to the absence of brilliant pioneers in the field. W.E.B. Du Bois's early challenge to the old racist orthodoxy on Reconstruction was followed in time by a considerable body of revisionist work, fueled partly by the same energy that brought forth so many excellent studies of slavery. The authors of this work had an enormous job to do. So entrenched was the bigoted tragic-era version of Reconstruction—deploring even the limited extension of rights of citizenship to freedmen and barely suppressing its nostalgia for slavery—that even Hollywood was familiar with it. Just to prove that seeking full-fledged citizenship for ex-slaves was not an ignoble objective, and that those who took part in the struggle might actually be entitled to some posthumous commendation, required the utmost energy of a generation of talented scholars.

Only rarely could scholars escape the drudgery of this essentially menial task long enough to broach fundamental questions concerning the nature of society and the direction of change. Willie Lee Rose did so in *Rehearsal for Reconstruction*, a sensitive account of the first meeting of Yankees and freedmen at Port Royal, and of the confrontation between their very different views of what freedom ought to mean. David Montgomery did so in *Beyond Equality*, a brilliant though as yet insufficiently appreciated book that deftly analyzes the social and economic processes of America's transformation into a modern capitalist nation-state, and the translation of these processes into politics. (To the shame of Knopf and Random House, this book is now out of print.) Both works were, and remain, exceptional. They raise questions with which the run of literature in the field is only beginning to come to terms, and will no doubt command renewed attention as the literature on Reconstruction increases in depth.

Three circumstances now seem on the point of awakening a general audience to the work that has already been done and of paving the way for a burst of work on Reconstruction whose quality may yet rival that of the literature on slavery. First, the job of dislodging the old racist presuppositions has been done with enough thoroughness that scholars need no longer waste much time on the demeaning chore of defending black people against charges of racial inferiority. This clears the way for the posing of more substantial questions, as does a second circumstance. The disappointment of some of the headiest expectations of the civil rights era has contributed to a cast of mind which, if not precisely pessimistic, is at least more attuned to the tragic undercurrent in history. Those who once sought precedents in the first Reconstruction for their high hopes in the second now seek precedents and explanations for their disillusionment as well. The third circumstance is the high quality of the literature on pre-Civil War society, especially in the South, which gives scholars of post-Civil War society a foundation to build upon that is arguably the strongest in American historiography. The highly theoretical and conceptual sophistication of the best work on the slave South simultaneously provides scholars of that society's dissolution with better questions to ask and condemns those who fail to make use of them.

Lawrence N. Powell's *New Masters: Northern Planters During the Civil War and Reconstruction* offers a fine preview of the possibilities this combination of circumstances opens up. Professor Powell's thorough yet discriminating familiarity with the literature on slave society permits him to pose in a fresh way the question of why freedom failed to live up to the hopes of the freedmen and, at the same time, left both the ex-masters and the Yankee

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liberators dissatisfied. Like all good works of history, *New Masters* raises some questions that it does not answer. But the story it tells provides an important and heretofore missing link between the Old South of Eugene D. Genovese and the New South of C. Vann Woodward. For it evokes a moment in the history of the South when two remarkable things were happening. On one side, a group of Northerners as influential as any who took a hand in Reconstruction—and more influential than most—were engaged in reconstructing the South by the most practical method one can well imagine. On the other, the old slaveholding aristocracy, in the very process of trying to restore their world to what it was, were reconstructing themselves, whether they intended to or not.

The protagonists of Powell's story are those Northerners who went South to try their hands at planting—mainly cotton—using the labor of the freedmen. They were more numerous than one might suppose, constituting "one of the largest categories of *dramatis personae* in the Reconstruction drama." The Yankees' motives in turning to planting were varied and complex, and their tenure in the South brief: most had failed and returned home by 1870. Powell's energetic research and his acute sense of texture and detail make the book a very human story of the meeting of the new masters, the old masters and the freedmen upon a terrain within which each group was, in important ways, tragically mistaken about the aspirations and intentions of the others. (The freedmen may have been the least deluded, but they also had the least power.) In this regard, Powell's work is a worthy successor to that of Willie Lee Rose, whose influence he generously acknowledges.

The sophistication of Powell's analysis will make his work an important reference for future discussion of the shape and limits of Reconstruction and of the nature of post-bellum society. For instance, his account of the social origin, position, connections and resources of the new masters—and the errand on which they went South—will discipline further speculation as to the reasons why the most radical plans to expropriate the planters and distribute their land to the freedmen never left the drawing board. Despite the tenets of the free-soil ideology in whose name many of the new masters had opposed slavery, their practical need as planters was for an agricultural proletariat, not a new black yeomanry. As Powell puts it: "After the Yankee planter movement had gathered momentum, there would be no turning back to the idea that liberty for the freedmen was inseparable from their ownership of land. . . . Yankee investments in southern plantations . . . subtly changed the climate of northern reform opinion and . . . set definite limits to the scope of the Reconstruction program." Using a different point of departure, Powell has here taken up the job David Montgomery began so admirably in *Beyond Equality*: that of molding the Northern and Southern pieces of the Reconstruction story into an integral whole.

Best of all, Powell's graceful writing makes the book a joy to read: *New Masters* will delight the general reader as much as it informs the specialist. If the book has a flaw, it is the modesty that sometimes prevents Powell from drawing out the implications of his findings as broadly as he might. But many readers will undoubtedly consider that more a virtue than a fault and will be grateful for an author who, having given them something to think about, leaves them in peace to do so.

Reconstruction and Redemption in the South should appeal to both general and technical readers as well, though in a different way. It is a collection of state studies (covering Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Virginia, North Carolina and Louisiana), each written by an expert on his (in one case, her) state. As such, it is a useful compendium both for those who, knowing nothing of modern scholarship on Reconstruction, wish to start somewhere, and for those who, having a professional interest in the field, want a handy means of bringing themselves up to date on the state literature. But the format is not without several disadvantages. The essays by and large remain discrete, episodic accounts of politics in individual states. Even Prof. Otto H. Olsen's excellent introduction, which in itself makes the book worthwhile, cannot help the essays tell a coherent story. Only Prof. Jack P. Maddex Jr., in his article on Virginia—and, to a somewhat lesser degree, Olsen in his article on North Carolina—argues with sufficient analytical precision to permit conclusions that reverberate beyond the limits of a single state.

Unwary readers of these essays need to be put on their guard in one respect. By incautiously following a perverse convention of American political writing—which for every issue identifies two extremist positions and a moderate one in the middle—the authors seriously obstruct an accurate understanding of Reconstruction politics. (Once again Maddex, who is at pains to characterize the different shades of opinion and their social source, is the exception.) While the term "radical" had a reasonably precise meaning, at least until 1868, the term "conservative" covered a good bit of contradictory ground. "Moderate" was most meaningless of all and, in these essays, seems to refer to any position between full equality for the freedmen and total surrender to the ex-masters. One contributor unintentionally demonstrates the uselessness of the term when he offers up the preposterous formulation "die-hard moderate."

William Gillette's *Retreat From Reconstruction, 1869-1879*—winner of the Jules F. Landry Award from Louisiana State University Press—takes on a needed task. As Professor Gillette correctly observes, historians have given disproportionate attention to the part of Reconstruction that fell to the Presidency of Andrew Johnson. But Reconstruction had its best chance during the tenure of Ulysses S. Grant, "when the Republicans controlled—in fact, not just in form—both the Presidency and Congress for the first time during the postwar period." A full-dress and voluminously researched treatment of the Grant years is therefore a welcome contribution to the literature on Reconstruction.

Unfortunately, Gillette does not make the best of the opportunity and, of the books under review here, *Retreat From Reconstruction* is likely to be the most disappointing to both general and technical audiences. Nothing is as sure to discourage a lay audience as sloppy, boring prose, and this Gillette supplies in abundance. The writing is deplorable, lumbering along in a heavy-booted style that is apt to defeat all but the most dedicated readers. The syntax is frequently impenetrable. Long passages in the pluperfect tense sheepishly confess that the reader is only tardily receiving information that the author meant him to have paragraphs, even pages ago. Contractions, loose grammar and poorly chosen words litter the text, reinforcing an impression of gross carelessness on the part of writer and editor. From an author and a press of such

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distinction, this is a surprise and a disappointment.

Those who manage to clear their way through the underbrush of Gillette's prose will find beneath it a chaotic, arbitrary and inconclusive argument. Evidently despairing of making sense of Grant's term as a whole, Gillette falls back on a kaleidoscopic presentation of events. But his superficial sketches of events in the Southern states will mislead readers unfamiliar with the state literature, while his allusions to politics in the Northern states show little benefit from the past ten or fifteen years of scholarship on the subject. On national politics itself—the real heart of his study—he does not manage to finesse the gap left by what he calls the "dearth of Grant manuscripts." Very little direct evidence supports his speculation as to the motives, intentions and objectives behind the contradictory actions of Grant's administration.

Gillette's verdict on Grant and his Southern policy is, to say the least, unclear. After disputing historians who have called Grant an inept politician who had no real Southern policy, he demonstrates at some length that Grant was an inept politician who had no real Southern policy. Even on the question of the freedmen's right to vote, the subject of his highly professional earlier work, Gillette leaves his readers guessing. The Fifteenth Amendment, it appears, failed (*1*) because it was enacted without enforcement provisions; (*2*) because the subsequent enforcement legislation was too sweeping, and (*3*) because it was too timid. While thus leaving up in the air questions he should be able to settle, Gillette makes free with generalizations so loose that no conceivable evidence could sustain them. "Whites," readers learn, were "imbued with the deterministic notions of pseudoscientific racialism and social Darwinism." All whites? Picture a redneck in the piney woods mulling over Herbert Spencer.

Perhaps other scholars will take up the task that Gillette has usefully called to our attention, because it still needs to be done. *Retreat From Reconstruction* should have brought to life a great drama: how Reconstruction evolved from a set of competing plans, the most remarkable of which contemplated a radical democratic remaking of the South, to an ossified status quo defined by little more than a handful of Republican state regimes and officeholders vainly hoping to become entrenched. Unfortunately, the book hardly distinguishes between the two, and sheds only diffused light on the process which eventually left no more of Reconstruction than the latter—and then liquidated that. □

A Southern Ray of Hope

MICHAEL MALONE

RAY. *By Barry Hannah. Alfred A. Knopf. 113 pp. $7.95.*

As a recent exercise in a fiction course I'm teaching now, I asked students to create a new ending for an unidentified story from which I'd removed the original. "Oh but we already know how it ends," a fourth of them shot out. "That's Barry Hannah!" Although his first novels, *Geronimo Rex* and *Nightwatchmen*, remain ridiculously out of print, the buzz with which critics and readers were electrified by Hannah's 1978 short story collection, *Airships*, has kept this distinctive American voice current in the literary air. And once you've heard Barry Hannah, you'd know his voice anywhere. Voices: lyric, lewd, sly, spooked, tawdry, an oratory of hyperbolic Southern voices; voices and not plots or themes are what the Muses whisper to him. Not all good novelists have first and foremost "a style." Tolstoy and Wilder, for example, do not; Woolf and Faulkner do. When style gets so loud we can hear it, we have a "voice" like Hannah's. His is a rare and marvelous gift.

His new book, *Ray*, a speedboat on the big lake of Southern fiction, is a soliloquy by a 33-year-old doctor living on the edge in Tuscaloosa, much like the first-person narrators of such stories as "Love Too Long" and "Constant Pain in Tuscaloosa." Like an amiably stoned ancient mariner, he tells us about his war, his wives, his patients, his affair with "Sister," a high, free, heavenly rock star shot to death by a repressed preacher named Castro who "just could not take the beauty." Ray's life gets lived, but we hear it in the background: his voice is louder and larger. The exuberant orality that *Ray* shares with *Airships* is an old Southern medley: vernacular raconteuring in *Crackers*-talk side by side with the lushest incantational prose (in Faulknerland, nature is still "going at it in random dereliction with spouts of large beauty here and there"). To this heritage Hannah's diction adds its own mannerisms. Descriptive and analytic adjectives yoked—a "hairy, frantic man," a "tall, frank girl," and a "gorgeous and restless lady." The comic coupling of extreme states—"My brain was in squalor and torment." "We got married stupid and frantic."

The result is a very writerly speaking, an exhilarating verbal explosion of excess, that nobody in bland stumbling life speaks—except maybe a few Southerners like Senator Sam Ervin. It trips right off the tongue of inimitable fictional folk from Dogberry to Mr. Jingles to Ray and his sweetheart Sister's dad, J. Hooch, a poetical Ab Snopes whose yard is trashy with the waste of his unmendable life and whose only talent is talking. "I have entered the rear of Mother Nature and come out of her mouth, and I am the sin that is not ugly," he says when we first meet him, adding, "It hurts my leg to talk like that."

God gave Ray a 150 I.Q., perfect pitch and a big sex engine. Then He cursed him with a memory. "Nothing is hazy." In dreams his old high school chases him down the street. Ray's credo is more succinct than the Nicene: "To live and delight in healing, flying, fucking" about says it all. This is what he likes: drinks, drugs, foreign car mechanics, "honest niggers," athletes of beauty and genius, his new wife ("her breasts, her lovely feet, her cheerfulness, her care"), old records, Bill Shakespeare and spareribs. What he hates is CM (Constant Misery), which he's often in; the Big C, which he thinks civilization deserves; Ohio, on which he wants to drop the Big One, and most modern people, especially of the group therapy persuasion.

In theory, he's a romantic pacifist somewhere between Blake and Rod McKuen. "I'm dreaming of a world where men and women have stopped the war and where we will stroll as naked ex-

Michael Malone's most recent novel is Dingley Falls *(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). He is currently a visiting lecturer in fiction at Yale University, where he is also Luce Foundation Playwright at the Divinity School.*

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cellent couples under the eye of the sweet Lord again." In practice, he's somewhere between a Fitzgeraldean crackup and the vigilantics of a Charles Bronson movie. For patients who are "cruel, weird, and abusive," he offers a kick to the gonads, a 2 by 4 in the ribs; he pulls all the plugs on a vindictive 80-year-old and pumps a .30/.30 into the chest of a deranged creep "to let out some spleen and piss."

This big-stick medical morality has its sexual side. When the Internal Revenue Service summons Ray for tax evasion, he persuades a female auditor to drop the case. How? He "raised up her skirt, and stuck the meat in her." He subscribes to *Penthouse* and its fantasies; sometimes "there's something so deeply elegant to the erotic that you've got to look into *Penthouse* after you've finished making love to be sure it really happened." While yearning to be peaceful with a head full of light and music and love, Doctor Ray confesses he also wants "to put it to somebody, duke a big guy out." Gentleness and rage, he tells his students, are the contrarieties of all Americans. "It is terribly, excruciatingly difficult to be at peace when all our history is war."

Ray has two wars: Vietnam, where he flew a Phantom F-4 jet and saw heads fly off and planes blow open into bright white flowers, and where he saw "the only glory" he's seen. The other is in Jeb Stuart's cavalry. Scenes from both thunder into his soliloquy. "Oh, help me! I am losing myself in two centuries and two wars." In the ghosts of these civil wars, Hannah haunts us with the relentless compulsion of the past to return (as he did in *Airships*, where four of the twenty stories focus on General Stuart, glorious hero and murdering fool). The horrific disjunctions of Vietnam are set against the hushed lyric tone in which white clouds appear to Confederate soldiers as Christ's open chest, and ceremonial community affirms those verities of honor and courage and sacrifice—all those old values Faulkner held us to. Ray is nostalgic for gallantry; he ends his book, "Sister!/Christians!/Sabers, gentlemen, sabers!" He sighs, "Oh, Captain, my Captain." And it's true Whitman would be heartsick. "The land is full of crashing jets, carbon monoxide, violent wives, and murderous men. There is a great deal of metal and hardness."

For in the New South over Corinth and Manassas spread cool Muzaked shopping malls. Ray quotes Tom Wolfe, not Thomas. He drives a Corvette, his relatives have pools, his patients pop pills. So does he. He drinks too much. Humanness drives him crazy. Women are the only thing, but "Women are fucking awful." Life's the only thing, but the heart wants more than life's got to give it. Still, there's grace in asking forever, anyhow. "Find it and live it," prescribes Doctor Ray, and keeps faith in all tries at healing.

A few years ago in these pages I said that Hannah's mothers of invention are Flannery O'Connor and Eudora Welty. And *Ray* is much closer kin to a novella like *The Ponder Heart* or *The Violent Bear It Away* than to *Sanctuary*, with which Philip Roth has compared it. While more romantic than O'Connor and less forgiving than Welty, Hannah shares their knowledge that "We are all God's creatures, but some of us can be especially ugly." And, for all his disgust at humankind, "with its zealous raving habits," he shares too their faith that some of us may be especially ugly, but we are all God's creatures. Hannah's a lover, a patriot, a true believer. He can't say no. "Hoo! Ray! . . . Ray, yes, Ray! Doctor Ray is okay!" His vital signs are strong and utterly irrepressible. Like Hannah's voice. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

From the Life of the Marionettes

Ingmar Bergman made *From the Life of the Marionettes* at a studio in Munich, with players drawn from the Residenztheater, where he also is working. Thus, no one in the cast is known to us, yet they seem familiar, so strong is the director's stamp on them. I kept being surprised that they did not speak Swedish. And, as is the way with Bergman's companies, they speak a great deal. Over the years one becomes adept at catching the subtitles of foreign pictures in quick glances, but Bergman depends so heavily on extended speech that he strains this knack: the need to read and watch simultaneously is the greater because so much of his action is conveyed through facial expressions, which demand attentive focus if the content is to register. In short, Bergman films lose more than most in "translation."

Peter Egerman (Robert Atzorn) and his wife, Katarina (Christine Buchegger), are at the center of *Marionettes*. They were a subsidiary warring couple in *Scenes From a Marriage*, a hermetic film structured much like the present work. When he employs this method, Bergman almost entirely forgoes the opportunities of the screen: *Marionettes* could be presented with little change on the smallest of legitimate stages. Only the dream segment would be a problem; as is often the case with dreams in fiction, I find this one implausible. At least, my dreams are not so effectively relevant to the narrative of my conscious life.

At the same time, Bergman implacably exploits the inquisitorial powers of the camera. The lens fairly digs into the flesh of the characters, exposing every blemish, invading the deepest privacy. You can smell people at that range, but you cannot really see them; therefore, I think one instinctively avoids that intimacy except with those few whom one completely loves and trusts. After two hours of such scrutiny, my neck ached from the effort to keep my distance, but in this way Bergman manages to induce in the audience, however faintly, the misery of being examined on the screen.

I tend to resent this mechanical tactic as being a substitute for whatever emotional investment one might make in the people under observation. Bergman's own attitude toward them is aloof; he presents them less in the round than as silhouettes of their neuroses. *Marionettes* is constructed in a series of brief scenes that move back and forth over a period of a few days, and each of which establishes a point in what might be thought of as a problem in geometry. It is a rather vexing problem, however, since the point made in one scene is more often than not denied in the succeeding one. Personality, as Bergman knows, is a mixed bag, and human relationships rarely lead to the satisfaction of Q.E.D. In this case, the proposition is that Peter is obsessed by the desire to kill Katarina, whom he loves, but instead murders Ka (short for Katarina), a prostitute whom he has met for the first time. Why was he thus impelled and how did it happen that he used a surrogate for his mad impulse?

Bergman offers many clues, but not much insight. His people speak at great length, but they seldom converse. Instead, they spar with one another, or they talk about themselves—confessing, denying, protesting, imploring—for the

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most part without disclosing truths that they either do not know or cannot bring themselves to reveal. And since we encounter them most vividly when they are engaged in loquacious obfuscation or mutual denigration, it is hardly possible to reach an independent estimate of what is eating them. I began to feel after a time that if only one or another of them would sweep a rug or hail a taxi we could begin to get on some common ground. Even a long business report, dictated by Peter to his secretary, is couched in gibberish. That, to be sure, underscores the notion that he is overwrought, but gets us no nearer to the cause.

In the end, we do get there, thanks to a summation by the psychiatrist to whom Peter had appealed in vain—perhaps because the man's professional insights were dulled by his wish to seduce Katarina. Peter, it seems, was a suppressed homosexual who had married a woman not unlike his commanding mother, thus freezing him in a state of immaturity. His impulse to kill was a perverse lust for absolute possession of his wife, who, sensing his inadequacy, made it painfully clear that he was far from possessing her at all. While he remained in his own milieu of bourgeois reticence, Peter could neither carry out the deed nor admit its roots. But in the presence of a prostitute—one moreover who somewhat resembled his wife and had her name—the restraint was lifted, and when she comforted him, as one would a child, he strangled her in a frenzy and coupled with her corpse.

That neatly fits the hints scattered through the script; it shows in retrospect how coincidence and trivial accident may trigger a catastrophe. But it is also too pat, as one might expect of an invented case history. It may well be that Bergman intends the film to comment on the tendency of psychoanalysis to make diagnoses on the basis of its own clichés, in which case it is appropriate that when we last see Peter, he is lying on the bed of an institution with a teddy bear tucked under his arm. That tags him well enough, but it seems little information for two hours of attention.

I did learn that everyone in this morose film was suffering, and I was moved by the pain. But it was the pain I felt, not the people. They seemed at the time, and do now, like index points on a rising curve of torment. Since I can gain no catharsis from a tragedy described on a graph, I was left merely disheveled by Bergman's study. □

THEATER

JULIUS NOVICK

Fifth of July
The Seagull

Fifth of July, by Lanford Wilson, began its career two years ago at the Circle Repertory Company's tiny theater in Greenwich Village, where Wilson is resident playwright. Along with *Talley's Folly*, which won the Pulitzer Prize, and *The War in Lebanon*, which is scheduled to open at the Circle Rep this season, it is part of Wilson's cycle of plays about the Talley family of Lebanon, Missouri, the playwright's hometown. Now *Fifth of July* is on Broadway (at the New Apollo Theater) with Christopher Reeve, who leaped to fame in a single bound as the star of *Superman: The Movie*, joining the cast as Wilson's hero, a homosexual paraplegic Vietnam veteran.

Reeve plays Kenneth Talley Jr., who, along with his sister June and his hometown pal John Landis, had run off from Lebanon to Berkeley, California, where the 1960s were going full blast. Both Ken and June had been in love with John, but John married a burned-out, doped-out, wigged-out copper heiress named Gwen, and has become a hip hustler and professional rich-woman's husband. For reasons that Ken never really understands, he allowed himself to be drafted and sent to Vietnam. Now, in 1977, he is back home in Lebanon with two alternatives before him: he can live in the old Talley place and teach at the local high school (teaching being the only vocation he has ever had), or he can sell the place to Gwen and John, who want it for a recording studio, and "travel," to no particular purpose.

Eight characters in a big old house in the country, talking, rubbing against one another, idly passing the time of day until destinies are decided: no wonder that the name of Chekhov is so often invoked when *Fifth of July* is discussed. In this play Wilson seems to believe, as Chekhov so often seemed to believe, that the best way to live is to labor in one's vocation. The sanest character in the play is Ken's lover, Jed, a calm, silent young botanist engaged in a twenty-year project of planting a great garden on the Talley land. Ken, like Konstantin in *The Seagull* and Astrov in *Uncle Vanya*, has a vocation but has lost faith in it; unlike them, he regains his faith, however shakily, for a highly gratifying though not quite convincing happy ending. (Wilson has a touch of facile optimism that is quite lacking in Chekhov.)

As befits an American play, *Fifth of July* has a rhythm and tone very different from Chekhov's major plays. The characters have more energy. They don't just drift in and out; sometimes they practically careen. They muse less than Chekhov's people, and wisecrack more.

> Ken [discussing the relative desirability of Gwen and John]: I think, given my choice between them now, I'd take her.
> Jed: Given my choice, I'd take hemlock.

And nobody in Chekhov discusses matters like cunnilingus. Wilson's people, too, are more "colorful": There is even a bit too much of June's precocious 13-year-old daughter, swanning around in elaborate getups from the attic, and of Aunt Sally—the heroine of *Talley's Folly* grown old—carrying the ashes of her dead husband around in a large candybox. But for all their occasional excesses, what a vivid, distinct, variegated lot they are! Much of the pleasure of *Fifth of July*, on Broadway as in Greenwich Village, comes from just watching these people be themselves.

The Broadway production, like its predecessor, is directed by Marshall W. Mason, Wilson's creative partner for many years; five of the eight original performers have been retained. But Mason has not just restaged his old production: from the moment one of the newcomers, Swoosie Kurtz (as Gwen) appears on the porch and moans in semi-ecstasy, "Oh, God, I have never been in such *peace* in my life"—accenting the word "peace" with a strong pelvic bump—it is evident that the director is going for broader comedy this time. Some of it is too broad for the level of reality the play is trying to maintain, but it certainly is funny. In the second act, moreover, the performers settle down, with less reaching for effect, and there are fine moments throughout.

Swoosie Kurtz has a special gift for caricature; frenetic, emphatic, off-the-wall Gwen is just her meat, and she dishes it up memorably. On the other hand, Joyce Reehling as June, a survivor from the original cast, deserves a

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special tribute for being so quietly, fully *there* in the play's least colorful role. And as Kenneth Talley, shambling effortfully on his crutches, covering anger and fear and pain with sardonic irony and even breaking down in tears at the end, Christopher Reeve shows that the erstwhile Man of Steel can be touchingly vulnerable. He and Jeff Daniels as his lover create and sustain a convincingly strong and tender relationship. Reeve does not "carry" the play; he does not give a virtuoso exhibition (Kurtz comes much closer to doing that), but he plays his part finely. He proves himself not just a star but an actor.

Fifth of July is one of the many plays written in the 1970s about what happened to the idealism of the 1960s. Its very title suggests the day *after* the big national rhetoric. Lanford Wilson is sensitive to the genuine idealism, the shallowness and triviality and eventual disillusionment of 1960s radicalism. But his play is all the more attractive, more authentic even, because it comes to no conclusions about The Sixties. It is not schematic; its characters were not chosen because they were typical of this or that but because—well, they do not seem to have been chosen at all, they just are where they are. Which helps us to believe them and enjoy them.

Meanwhile, the real Chekhov is standing up at the New York Shakespeare Festival Public Theater, where Andrei Serban has staged an admirable production of *The Seagull*, less experimental than his *Cherry Orchard* a few seasons ago and more successful in realizing the play. Serban's directing makes this a funnier *Seagull* than most, but the comedy develops from the text and is not imposed on it. In spite of Michael Yeargan's simplified scenery and in spite of a few lines of dialogue added by the director, this is essentially a conventional, realistic staging. But it has been freshly thought and felt from moment to moment.

Rosemary Harris, once a memorably ravaged Nina with the old A.P.A. Repertory, commands the play exquisitely as Arkadina the actress. Her manner is lavishly British-stage-aristocratic, as if Arkadina had taken her persona from Gwendolen Fairfax in *The Importance of Being Earnest*. This Arkadina is always "on": when she cannot dominate by beauty and charm, she does so by the liberal use of tears and hysterics. Yet her beauty and charm are irresistible, even as we see perfectly well her ulterior motives in using them. When another woman pays compliments to her man, how gracefully and *firmly* she re-annexes him by wrapping herself in his arms as she explains, "When you pay him compliments, he doesn't know what to say." By the same token, her tears and hysterics are never entirely insincere, even at their most shamelessly manipulative. Harris's Arkadina has abolished for herself in her private life the distinction between acting and not acting, and is thus free to wield her fluent succession of moods and manners to get whatever she wants. She is the most lovable of Arkadinas, and yet by no means the least despicable. Her performance could use a few moments of open, pouncing coarseness to show directly what a vicious old cat this woman is, but it is still a brilliantly entertaining study of the histrionic temperament at its most unscrupulous. □

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Star Spangled Comics Nos. 65-81, February 1947—June 1948, featuring Robin the Boy Wonder. Mint condition. Will sell individual issues or complete set. Best offer. Nation Box 27.

Authentic Iroquois false faces, $85; request information: McCoy Imports, Liberty, NY 12754.

RECIPES

EASY GOURMET COOKING. Chef's secrets. Recipes $3.95. Catalog of 125 beautifully hand-crafted gifts $1.00. Brandywine, Box 21-TN, Nevada City, CA 95959.

Beat the Supermarkets! Anyone can cut food costs $10 a week using this new book. Revolutionary new shopping list included. $10 postpaid. Oliver's, 1111 Fresno Ave., Berkeley, Ca 94707.

Deliciously delightful different 24 hr. cole slaw recipe: $1 and SASE to K.T., 2505 T.O. Blvd., Suite 120, Thousand Oaks, CA 91362.

GIFTS

A perfect Christmas gift: hand-made pine rocking horse, $35; request photo: McCoy Imports, Liberty, NY 12754.

MISCELLANEOUS

PROPHYLACTIC CONTRACEPTIVES. FREE PRICE LIST. LORUSSONE, 2307 MOODY, CHICAGO, IL 60639.

BUMPER STICKERS GALORE! All kinds of bumper stickers! Free Brochure! Carlco, 3551 Grant, Corona, CA 91720.

DEFIANT BEETHOVEN T-SHIRT. World's scowliest portrait with German motto. For free details: The Planestar Co., Box 146-T, Reseda, CA 91335.

The Nation is interested in speaking with a progressive computer specialist willing to give advice on the establishment of a computer-based resource center in NY. Contact Tony Levitas, (212) 242-8400.

Concert series needs benefactors. Reply: N. Selby, Grace Episcopal Church, 5501 Hamilton Ave., Cincinnati, OH 45224.

Rexx. A radical new principle and method of ethical evaluation. Send $2 to Belland, 575 University Blvd. E., Silver Spring, MD 20901.

49 Biblical Contradictions, $3.00; Discovery, Box 20331-TN, West Valley City, UT 84120.

Proposal to clarify the 13th amendment. Stamped self-addressed envelope to New Party, 8319 Fulham Court, Richmond, VA 23227.

Harvest the sun! Learn the basics of solar, wind, water and biofuel power. Info packet for $2.50, postpaid, to John Downey, Box 366, Madison, NJ 07940.

Don't let other musicians pass you by! Join the many satisfied customers who have ordered my very simple music learning method. Of benefit with any instrument using chords and scales—esp. piano! Most easy to understand course ever. If you have it in your head, but not in your fingers, this is for you. Send $5.00 & SASE to: Minton Music, Box 278, Allendale, Il 62410. Speedy delivery.

Help for handicapped young adults (18-35) needing to learn independent living skills. Evaluation and remedial services. For information contact V. D'Agostino, M.S. (201) 343-2407. New York area only.

KOREAN HUMAN RIGHTS INFO: 625 Post #888, SF CA 94109.

Psychic, graphologist—expert medical care, locale, baseball and business important. Nation Box 774.

LOVERS? Living together? Planning to? Avoid misunderstandings or regrets. For a tested, flexible form prepared by a social agency and lawyer send $6 & SASE to METRO COUNSELING, 200 W. 86th Street, #15E (N), NY, NY 10024.

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AUDIOPHILE RECORDS last longer, sound better, and cost too much. Right? Wrong. For substantial discounts on quality albums write SUPER SOUND RECORD SERVICE, PO Box 411237, Chicago, IL 60641. Free catalog.

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For the convenience of those who wish to place a classified notice in *THE NATION:*

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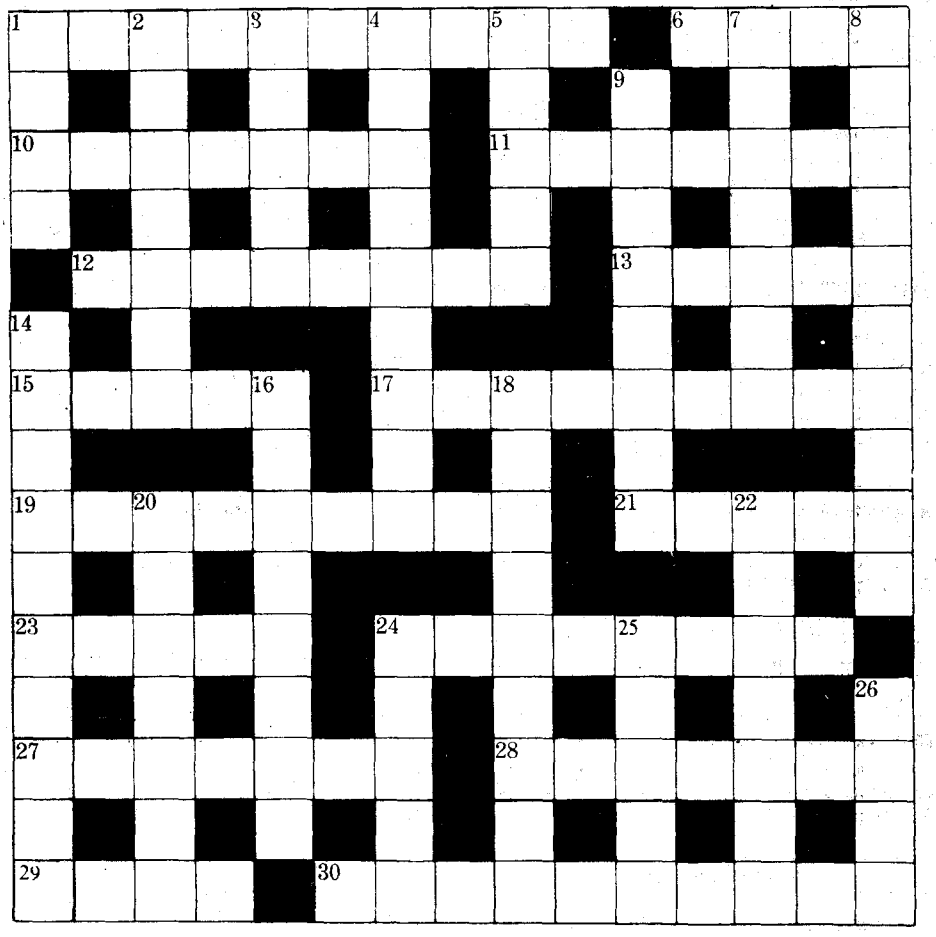

ACROSS

1 Not a photographer for *Pravda*, finding the basis of a good fish story. (3,7)
6 Look in here for it, and find one associated with Rio. (4)
10 After a high ball, the rest is disturbed by what you might find where you get 1 across. (7)
11 Like a mocker, perhaps, point to the chest. (7)
12 Certainly not bi-partisan, but it's almost impossible for paper to be so. (3-5)
13 The capital of Europe, on a lake, which is rather weird. (5)
15 The sort of training rookies may get. (5)
17 Does one knock on wood hoping for good performance with it? (9)
19 Bands sometimes featured them; you might find the vista close, but a point off. (9)
21 One thing wrong with the dark? (5)
23 A nobleman with what some medals have. (5)
24 The type of window the British once considered treacherous. (8)
27 and 30 An adventurous girl, whose name might be Celia, is hereby brought to book. (5,2,10)
28 Like a ring, abolish a Roundhead. (7)
29 See 26 down
30 See 27 across

DOWN

1 Part bread, by the sound of it. (4)
2 What the rude sleeper does on getting up, if he reveals the humbug. (7)
3 Small letters written in stone. (5)
4 Walks like a soldier around the animal—seemingly strange but true. (9)
5 How a seed is gently removed. (5)
7 Derive as consequence? On the contrary! Pure Hell! (7)
8 Reached by settlers, perhaps. (10)
9 Sounds like one of Sherlock's clever remarks, but it's simple stuff. (8)
14 Obviously straight on the table! (10)
16 Cologne was evidently one of the early ones. (8)
18 No stall after leaving this, it seems, but battle to the end. (4,5)
20 Referring to the heart of the C.I.A. chasing after a so-called clever one! (7)
22 Nerve centers where the rough crowd has trouble coming up. (7)
24 Part of the poem is peculiar talk and nothing else! (5)
25 Common person, alternatively where he might live if a big shot. (5)
26 and 29 across A little nail cut off. (Generally associated with retreat.) (8)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1844

ACROSS: 1 A shot in the dark; 9 En masse; 10 Upstage; 11 Abrupt; 12 Recovery; 14 Caperer; 15 Issue; 17 and 24 Rover Boys; 19 Traffic; 21 Picks off; 23 Labial; 25 Prowler; 26 Oxidate; 27 As pale as a ghost. DOWN: 1 and 21 Alexander Pope; 2 Homeric; 3 Test paper; 4 Need; 5 House organ; 6 and 8 Discovery; 7 Readers; 13 Brute force; 15 Inflating; 16 Ebullient; 18 Victors; 20 Chicago; 22 Selma.

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A Third Interview With The 115-Year-Old Magazine

Your mellow wisdom, gained from your 115 years of weekly existence, has enlightened us in the past. Now I'm wondering if there is some secret of the meaning of life that you would like to share with us?

Secrets? You want secrets, go file a Freedom of Information Act request. I don't believe in secrets. That's why I proposed the Spy Library.

The Spy Library? What's that?

It's an open-shelf library containing all of our current secrets. It would be open to all spies who can prove a sincere interest in espionage. They could search through the card catalogues and check out any secrets they like.

But I don't understand. Wouldn't that be helping them do their work?

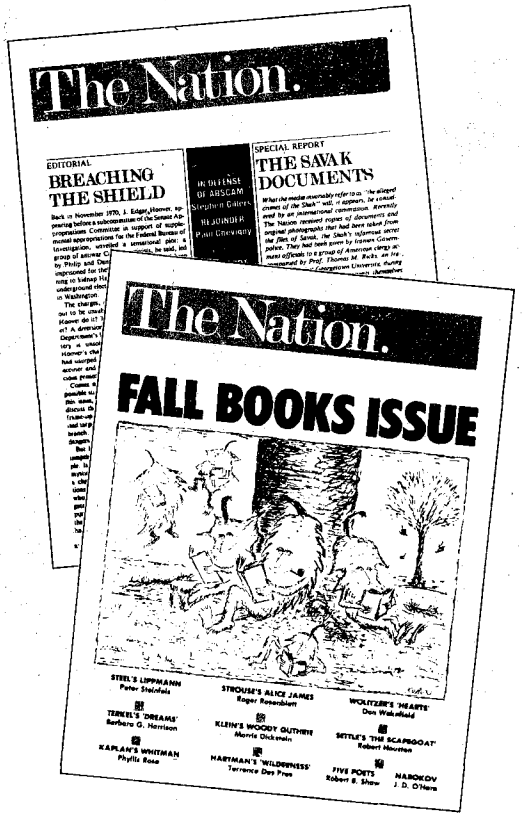
Oh, no. You see, under the present classification system the Government does the spies' work for them. Now our secrets are labeled according to their importance—Top Secret, for the really big stuff, down to Confidential, for small-potatoes secrets. In the Spy Library, the foreign agents would have to figure out for themselves what's important.

I see. Do you have any other ideas like that?

Oh sure. All the time. My Swiss missile bank, for example. It would solve the problem of stationing U.S. missiles in Europe. We'd deposit them in Swiss bank accounts, and the trusty Swiss bankers would hide them in various Alps. As everybody knows, you can trust a Swiss banker to keep a secret. So the Europeans wouldn't have to worry about missiles on their soil and the Soviet Union wouldn't feel threatened.

I thought *The Nation* was a serious magazine of current affairs and the arts. Those ideas sound like *Mad* magazine.

My friend, it's a mad world. Sometimes the most outrageous ideas make more sense than what our Government is selling. Take the MX missile. Only Alfred E. Neuman could have dreamed that one up. Most of the time, though, I just try to make sense out of the world as it comes. And if *you* subscribe to *The Nation*, maybe you can too. Just fill out that handy coupon over on the right.



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